

WARREN  
MAGAZINE



EERIE  
#70

NOV. 1975

THIS ISSUE: SLAUGHTER FIVE! EL CID! OOGIE and the JUNKERS!

# EERIE

\$1.00

56326-6  
PDC

UK 30p

AN ANCIENT INDIAN CURSE GRANTED HIM IMMORTALITY!  
NOW... THE SAME CURSE MUST DESTROY HIM!

**COFFIN**  
THE MAN WHO HUNTED DEATH!



ALSO: HUNTER II and the EXTERMINATOR ROBOT!

EERIE No. 70 FIVE CLASSICS OF AMERICAN HORROR!



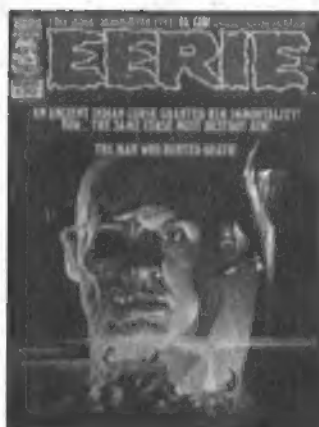
WELCOME, **FRIGHT FIENDS**.  
YOUR OLD **COUSIN EERIE** HAS  
BROUGHT YOU A FANTASTIC  
BUNDLE OF **GOODIES** THIS  
TIME!

UNDEAD **CORPSES**! INDIAN  
**MASSACRES**! LIVING **MACHINES**!  
MUTANT **GOBLINS**! MAD **MAGICIANS**!  
**CANNIBALS**! ALIEN KIDNAPPERS!

AND AS A SPECIAL  
TREAT... THE **HEAD OF...**  
WELL, LOOK **INSIDE**  
AND SEE FOR  
**YOURSELVES**!







#### OUR COVER

Will those who doomed Coffin to existence as a living corpse, allow him to die? His agonized face screams the question. A terrifying cover painting by Sanjulian!

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EERIE NO. 70 PUBLISHED MONTHLY EXCEPT APRIL, JULY AND DECEMBER BY WARREN PUBLISHING CO. EDITORIAL SUBSCRIPTION & BUSINESS OFFICES AT 145 EAST 32nd STREET, N.Y. 10016. TELEPHONE: (212) 683-6050.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: 9 ISSUES FOR \$10.00 IN THE U.S.; CANADA AND ELSEWHERE \$12.00.

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# EERIE

## CONTENTS

ISSUE NO. 70  
NOVEMBER 1975

**4 DEAR COUSIN EERIE** Rave reviews for EERIE #68! Hunter II: "Phenomenal! Stunning potential!" Godeye: "Hilarious! Worthy of Mark Twain!" Muck Monster: "Shattering! Effective!" Coffin: "Macabre, grotesque! I loved it!" Deep Brown & Jorum: "Great fun! A tragic, epic masterpiece!"

**5 COFFIN** Tomorrow pony soldiers would take the Kiowa to a reservation. Braves would weave baskets. Eat corn. Sit in the sun. Die. A man could wither. Or he could sell his life dearly, taking hundreds of soldiers with him. Leading the Indians to massacre is Death incarnate. The undead Coffin!

**19 HUNTER II** Three men. Three destinies. The Exterminator: A machine-man who must destroy the unfit. Who must kill goblins. Karas Hunter: Determined to slay the goblin-breeding wizard, Yaust, and save the world. Echo: A warrior chief. He's lost his tribe to Yaust's mutants. He may lose his life!

**30 CODE NAME: SLAUGHTER 5** No food. Stringent birth control. Cannibalism. Legalized murder. It made no difference. The population continued to increase. And starve. Population reduction was Slaughter's aim. Revolt was his method. For, a lot of people would die in a revolution!

**41 EL CID: CROOKED MOUTH** Garcia Ordenez' tongue was as twisted as his face. He hated El Cid. Whispered that Cid harbored the King's Moorish enemies. Fed them. Treated them as guests. Many believed. El Cid was called to answer before God, King, and the Demon who plotted his ruin!

**51 OOGIE & THE JUNKERS** Leroy was a Buck Blaster freak. He'd seen every show. Bought every cassette. Read every book. Even owned a uniform & decoder ring. Only thing he didn't have was Buck's voluptuous sidekick, Thelma Starbust. And an obliging alien was planning to give him her!

**H**ave you any idea what Warren Publishing has accomplished?

Each previous issue of EERIE contained one or two stories that I didn't like... that weren't quite up to the quality of the rest of the issue. Then I picked up EERIE #68.

I was flabbergasted. Speechless. Stunned. It was excellent. Beautiful.

A fine Coffin tale. A wonderful Hunter II story. A funny, funky Godeye saga. A stupendous ode to a Muck Monster. And best of all, the excitingly entertaining exploits of Deep Brown and Jorum!

I've read the issue several times already. When I finish this letter I'll probably read it several more. It's a perfect magazine that I'll treasure always.

**ERIC DILLINGER**  
Ventura, Calif.

I just finished reading EERIE #68. I found the Coffin story macabre, grotesque and simply great!

**LANCE STRANCEHAN**  
Palm Beach, Fla.

Budd Lewis' slapstick offering in EERIE #68, the fabulous Godeye, is a hilarious switch on the usual caustic anti-hero fare.

The quick-witted protagonist treats his life or death mission with cautious irreverence. Not for Chuck (Godeye) Mayhew the repetitive, heavy handed sword and sorcery Barbarian ethic! No siree!

His antics as he battles the murderous, marauding Cyclops are worthy of Mark Twain's immortal Connecticut Yankee.

This terrific series could become tedious if left to run on and on without direction. But this is unlikely. There are just too many classic adventure situations begging to be so talentedly lampooned!

**DARRCEL B. STEPHENS**  
Jackson, Miss.

The phenomenon that occurs somewhat regularly among James Warren's magazines has reappeared in EERIE #68. It was another uniformly excellent Warren issue!

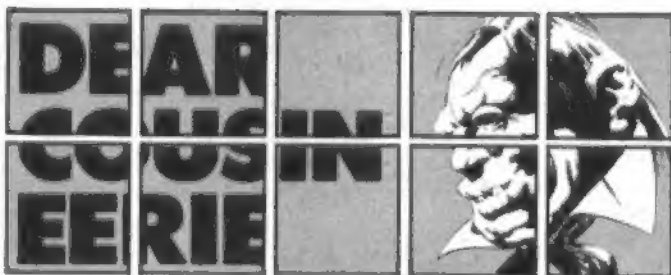
Any magazine takes a giant step toward perfection with the inclusion of a story by Bernie Wrightson. His heralded return was an event long awaited by admirers of the classic "Cool Air."

Now Warren has brought us a seven page story written and illustrated by Wrightson... in full color, yet!

"The Muck Monster" was a genuine treat for the eyes. It's story... an effective vignette blended of classic horror and Eastern philosophy.

Now, if you could only coax another, longer story out of Bernie...!

**ED O'REILLY**  
Ada, Ohio



There is a tantalizing similarity between the characters in EERIE's new series, Hunter II and those of J.R.R. Tolkien's "Lord of the Rings."

Tolkien's trilogy, like the Hunter II saga, presents a White Council, a vital governing force. At its head sits the magician, Gandalf, who like Hunter's Mandragora, pits himself against a terrifyingly evil wizard.

Like the ravaging Demon army of Hunter's world, the Ring Trilogy's Orcs are warlike mutants bred by the wizard for evil intent, serving their master in his plans for world domination and ultimate ruin.

The ring bearer, hero-hobbit Frodo, of the Tolkien epic, bears some resemblance to the inexperienced champion, Karas. Karas' mission, so far, has been a time-buying diversionary tactic. Frodo's mission, as ringbearer, was of ultimate import also.

Hunter II, in its similarities to the Tolkien trilogy, as well as its many differences, offers the possibility of an extraordinary series. I hope that future adventures live up to the saga's stunning potential!

**JOHN VELNER**  
Jackson, Mich.

We'll see that it does, John. Next thing you know, though, you'll be comparing Exterminator to the Tolkien's Fairy Lord.



EERIE # 68 gave us five weird and unique tales.

"Coffin: Halfwalk" was the best, even though the Coffin series is consistently negative and filled with despair. Still, I don't suppose one can expect a positive approach from a strip featuring a hero who desires only death.

Budd Lewis and Jose Ortiz have combined forces to give us a singularly revolting story, and a graphic tale of life at its ugliest.

I enjoyed every minute of it.

**REX MUNSEE**  
Wattsburg, Penn.

Delightful!

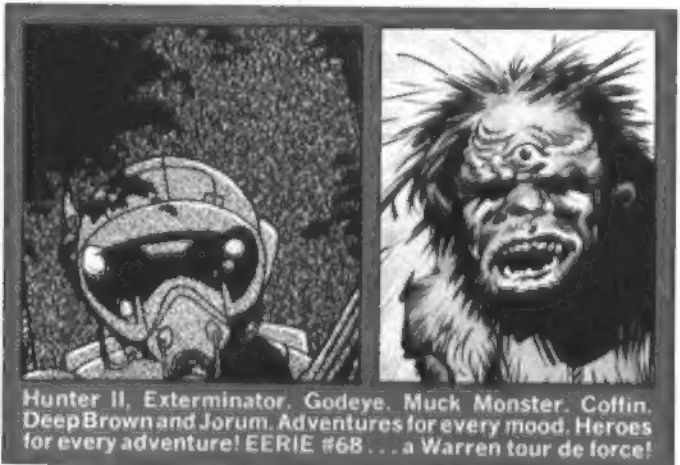
That's the best word to describe the new Budd Lewis/Leopold Sanchez series.

There was a time when I could take or leave the whole magazine. However, that time is past. I have read the most recent issues of EERIE avidly. Each seems to be genuinely better than the last.

Godeye is typical of the new trend in the magazine; a most unusual hero in a most unusual fantasy situation. A mishigoss hero who defeats the villain through card tricks and vaudeville magic, is my kind of guy!

The story's art wasn't spectacular, but it was good enough to keep the story going... and it went way out! I dug it. I hope Godeye's next adventure will be scheduled real soon!

**DAVID RUTMAN**  
No address



Hunter II, Exterminator, Godeye, Muck Monster, Coffin, Deep Brown and Jorum. Adventures for every mood. Heroes for every adventure! EERIE #68... a Warren tour de force!

**OPINIONS? WRITE**  
**DEAR COUSIN**  
**EERIE**

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145 E. 32nd Street  
New York, N.Y. 10016

Ken Kelly again surpassed himself. The cover of EERIE #68, featuring Hunter II, was magnificent. But where was The Exterminator? Since he appears in the issue with Hunter, I would've thought he'd have been a natural for a cover! And Kelly is the master of Exterminator portraits!

**LOUIS GRIFTY**  
New Orleans, La.



We like to keep some things under wraps, Louis. The Exterminator's unannounced appearance within the Hunter II series took EERIE fans completely by surprise. The following letter by Jeremy Sills pretty much sums up what readers had to say about the unreviewed treat.

I knew Warren Publishing would do it. I just didn't know when. After three all-too-brief Exterminator appearances, I knew Jim Warren would eventually give in to readers' demands for more stories featuring the ever popular killer robot.

When your new Exterminator apparently the last surviving Exterminator, came from the underbrush to confront Karas Hunter for the first time, tears of joy actually welled up in my eyes.

I thank you, Warren for this totally unexpected but exceedingly delightful surprise.

**JEREMY SILLS**  
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

Deep Brown and Jorum was my favorite story in a near perfect issue of EERIE. It is undoubtedly one of the finest Warren stories ever written.

Jim Stenstrum penned an epic of fantasy, with just the right blend of humor, horror, pathos and adventure, cramming the lifetime exploits of two washbucklers into twelve unforgettable pages. A classic for the comics media, and possibly the best story I've ever read... anywhere.

**PATRICK MARSH**  
La Jolla, Calif.

EERIE # 68 was unforgettable! And the best of the excellent tales included in the issue was Bernie Wrightson's "Muck Monster."

This is the best Wrightson story yet, and the full-color production was an added treat!

I kept going back to the sequence where the liquified, still sentient, bright red remains of the scientist's sabotaged experiment oozed slowly down the mountainside, into the graveyard below. Then the living hand of a corpse thrust into the cold night air. The impact was shattering.

I only hope this fine series doesn't go the way of Marvin the Dead Thing or Nightfall. Both of these series ended before they had fairly begun!

**ALAN NORDMARK**  
Dalton, Penn.

HELL'S SUMMER WAS AT AN END. THERE HAD COME THE RAINS. THERE HAD COME THE COOLING BREEZES FROM THE NORTH, PROMISING WINTER LIFE AFTER SUMMER DEATH. AND UPON THE EARLY NOVEMBER WINDS CAME THE IMAGE OF **DEATH** INTO THE KIOWA VILLAGE.

LIKE AN OMEN OF **EVIL** YET TO COME, **DEATH'S** WRETCHED SPECTRE **SLITHERED** OUT OF THE DESERT DARKNESS, AND STOOD BEFORE THEM IN THE FORM OF A LIVING **DEAD MAN!**

A **MAN**... A **CORPSE**... NAMED...

# COFFIN



WHAT MAN COMES  
TO COUNCIL IN OUR  
FINAL HOUR?

A **WHITE MAN!** A  
FOOLISH **DOG!** AN  
**ENEMY!**

BRING  
HIM TO ME!

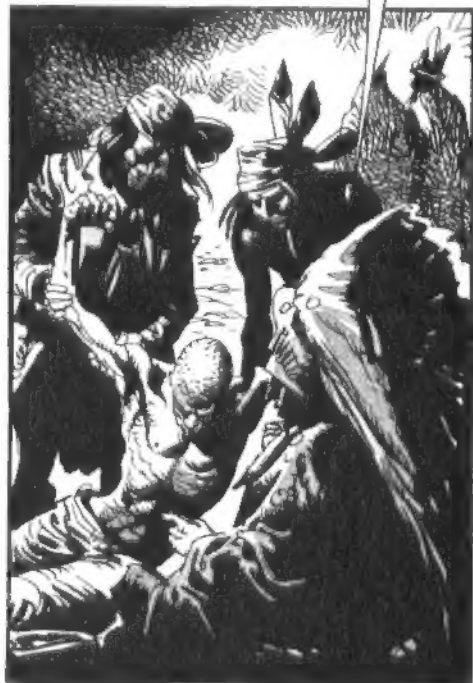
THIS IS NO  
ENEMY TO THE  
KIOWA TRIBE!



# THE FINAL SUNRISE

HERE IS NO  
**WHITE MAN!**  
NO **DOG!**

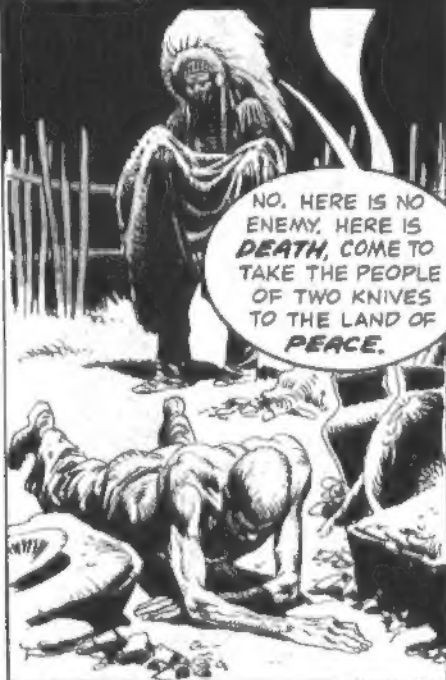
THIS ONE  
IS **DEATH!**





THE ANCIENT CHIEFTAIN OF THE ANCIENT TRIBE WAS CALLED **TWO KNIVES**. AN ELDER OF GREAT SIGHT WITH KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD IN WHICH HIS PEOPLE LIVED. A MAN NOT OF **HATRED** AND **FIRE**, BUT OF **THOUGHT** AND **WISDOM**.

BEFORE HIM, HE SAW **NOT** A WHITE MAN, RAVAGED BY FATE AND CIRCUMSTANCE! HE SAW AN **OMEN**, PERHAPS A **FRIEND**.



NO. HERE IS NO ENEMY. HERE IS **DEATH**, COME TO TAKE THE PEOPLE OF TWO KNIVES TO THE LAND OF **PEACE**.

HE HAS COME **FAR** TO BE WITH HIS PEOPLE.

BE **WARMED** BY THE BUFFALO ROBE OF TWO KNIVES, FRIEND **DEATH**!



AH, **DEATH**. ENEMY TO NEITHER WHITE MAN NOR RED, BUT **FRIEND** AND **PEACEMAKER** TO BOTH.

I HAVE **AWAITED** THIS COMING.



YOU WILL **SLEEP** HERE. **REST** AFTER YOUR LONG JOURNEY FROM THE GREEN FORESTS TO THE KIOWA DESERT. I WILL **WATCH** FOR YOU... **FRIEND**.

**TOGETHER** WE SHALL **SHARE** THIS **LAST** EVENING. THIS **FINAL** HOUR OF **PEACE**.



TOGETHER WE SHALL WATCH THE RISING OF THE **LAST** SUNRISE.

THEN TOGETHER WE SHALL RIDE TO **DEATH'S** GENTLE PARADISE. **TOGETHER**.



THROUGH THE SLEEPLESS NIGHT A PEACEFUL **CHANTING** CAME FROM THE LODGE OF TWO KNIVES. TWO KNIVES, A MAN WHO HELD **PEACE** AND **DEATH** IN HIS ARMS

THEN CAME THE **LAST DAWN.**



THE VILLAGE AWAKENED SILENTLY, WORDLESSLY. AND IT BEGAN. THE MEN EACH WENT TO THEIR WOMEN WITH QUIET RESERVE AND CULTURED PRIDE AND **HELD** THEM LINGERINGLY... FOR THE **LAST TIME.**

THEN EACH HELD HIS **CHILDREN**... AND NO TEAR WAS SHED.



THE WOMEN GATHERED STICKS TO BUILD THE **WAR FIRE.**



AND SOON THE **WAR DRUMS** SOUNDED. THE **DEATH SONG** HAD **BEGUN.**



THE WARRIORS HEARD THE SONG, THE DRUMS, AND THEY ADORNED THEMSELVES IN **FINERY.** THE PAINTS OF **WAR** AND FEATHERS OF **EAGLES.**

**BOWS** WERE STRUNG, **HATCHETS** SHARPENED, **ARROWS** HONED AND BEFEATHERED. THEIR PONIES BUCKED RESTLESSLY, YEARNING FOR THE LONG AND FINAL **CHARGE.**



BEFORE THE SUN HAD RISEN A HANDSPAN IN THE SKY, THE PROUD KIOWA NATION STOOD READY FOR WAR.

THEIR FIERCE YOUNG GENERAL, **STEEL LANCE**, CAME TO THE DARK LODGE OF HIS FATHER, TWO KNIVES.



THE **WAR-LANCE** IS READY, FATHER,

THEN SOON YOU WILL **LEAVE** ME.



WHAT LAST **WISDOM** WILL YOU GRANT ME, FATHER?

I, NONE, **NONE** BUT WHAT **DEATH'S** ANGEL WILL GIVE.



**AWAKE**, FRIEND DEATH, AND **BLESS** THESE CHILDREN.

W-WHAT...? WHERE AM I?



MY FATHER SAYS YOU ARE THE OMEN OF **DEATH**, COME TO **GUIDE** THE KIOWA PEOPLE AS WE RIDE TO **WAR** TO **DIE**!

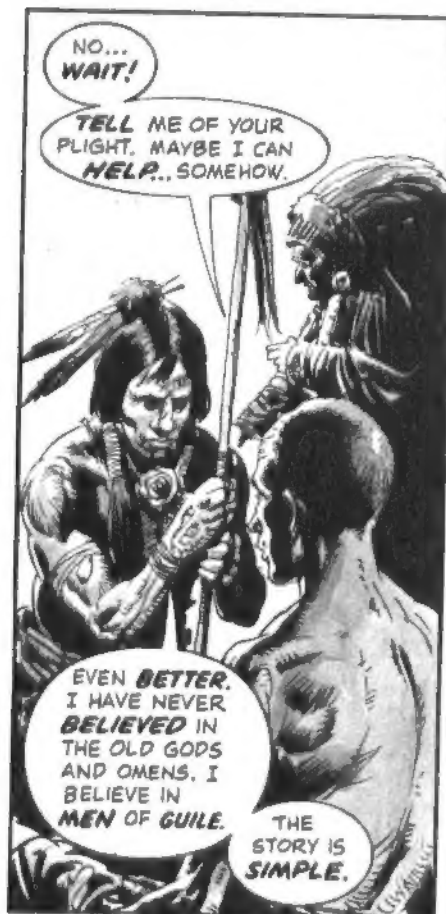
WHAT **WISDOM** WILL YOU GRANT US BEFORE WE GALLOP INTO THE SOLDIERS' GUNSIGHTS?



I...I'M NOT DEATH. I...I'M **LOST...SICK...** SO WEAK.

THEN THIS **LAST** MOMENT IS THE MOST **DARK**. WE DIE **ALONE**.



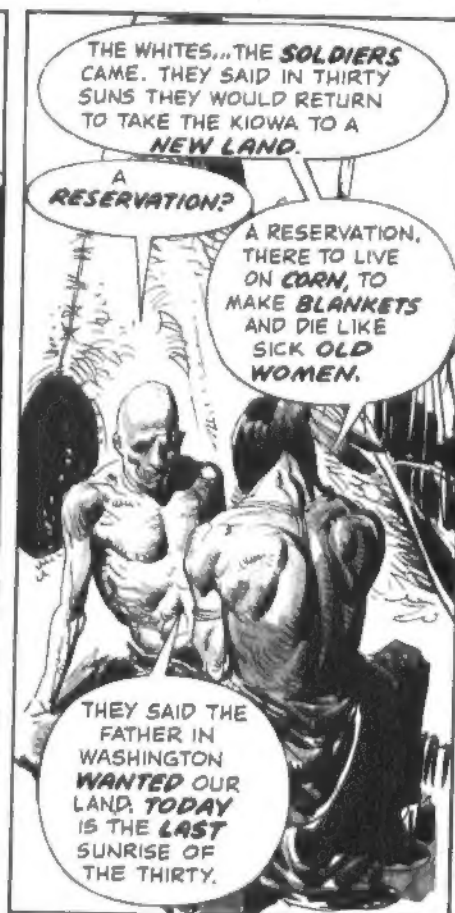


NO...  
WAIT!

TELL ME OF YOUR  
PLIGHT. MAYBE I CAN  
HELP... SOMEHOW.

EVEN BETTER.  
I HAVE NEVER  
BELIEVED IN  
THE OLD GODS  
AND OMENS. I  
BELIEVE IN  
MEN OF GUILT.

THE  
STORY IS  
SIMPLE.



THE WHITES...THE SOLDIERS  
CAME. THEY SAID IN THIRTY  
SUNS THEY WOULD RETURN  
TO TAKE THE KIOWA TO A  
NEW LAND.

A  
RESERVATION?

A RESERVATION,  
THERE TO LIVE  
ON CORN, TO  
MAKE BLANKETS  
AND DIE LIKE  
SICK OLD  
WOMEN.

THEY SAID THE  
FATHER IN  
WASHINGTON  
WANTED OUR  
LAND. TODAY  
IS THE LAST  
SUNRISE OF  
THE THIRTY.



WE CANNOT LEAVE THE  
GROUNDS OF THE KIOWA, OUR  
ANCESTORS DIED FIGHTING  
FOR THIS LAND SINCE TIME  
BEGAN. WE CAN DO NO LESS.

WE CANNOT  
DIE IN A  
STRANGE  
LAND. WE  
MUST DIE  
HERE...WITH  
OUR ANCIENT  
GHOSTS.

I UNDERSTAND.



THE KIOWA ARE A GOOD  
PEOPLE. YOU TOOK ME IN.  
NURSED ME. GAVE ME NEW  
HOPE. I'LL DO THE SAME  
FOR YOU.

I'VE A DEBT  
TO REPAY.  
THROUGH THE  
KIOWA I'LL  
REPAY IT.  
I'LL NEED A  
HORSE.

THE NEW EASTERN  
SUN LOOKED DOWN  
UPON A LIVING DEAD  
MAN AND A SMALL  
WARPARTY OF DOOMED  
WARRIORS ON A  
DESPERATE  
MISSION.

WOULD THIS BE  
THE LAST DAY...?  
OR A NEW CHANCE  
FOR TEN THOUSAND  
BRIGHTER DAYS TO  
COME?



ONLY GOD  
COULD KNOW.

A CAVALRY  
DETACHMENT.

THOSE ARE OUR BOYS!  
ON THEIR WAY TO MOVE  
YOUR PEOPLE TO THE  
RESERVATION.

NOW, ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS TO RIDE DOWN, TELL THEM THERE'S GOING TO BE A **BLOOD-BATH** IF THEY GO INTO THE VILLAGE.

THEY'LL **HAVE** TO TURN BACK.



LET'S **CATCH** THEM!



A SIMPLE MISTAKE IN **JUDGEMENT...**



...MADE KIOWA LAND JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE **PRECIOUS.**



THE INDIAN SCOUT TO THE SMALL DETACHMENT HEARD THE THUNDER AS FOUR HORSES RACED TOWARD HIM. THE SHARP EYED SCOUT DID NOT SEE FOUR FELLOW HUMAN BEINGS COMING TO BEG FOR **MERCY...**

HE SAW ONLY A WHITE MAN BEING **CHASED** BY THREE **BLOODTHIRSTY** KIOWAS!

**HEEEYYYYYYY!**  
**SOLDIERS!**  
**HEEEYYY!**



**DAMN YOU!**  
**DAMN! DAMN YOU!**







HAD IT BEEN **ANOTHER** DAY, **ANY** DAY BUT **THIS**, THE **FINAL** DAY, THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN GREAT SORROW FOR THE RETURNING DEAD BRAVES



OLD WOMEN WOULD HAVE **CUT** THEMSELVES IN GRIEF, FUNERAL DRUMS WOULD HAVE TOLLED, HERBS BURNT, AND THE OLD MEN WOULD HAVE **WAILED** TRAGIC CHANTS.

BUT THIS WAS THE **LAST** DAY, AND THE **ANGEL OF DEATH** HAD COME AMONG THEM, PREPARING FOR GLORIOUS HEAVEN'S GATE...WITH **REPEATING RIFLES!**



AND THERE WAS GREAT **JUBILATION**, THIS, THE **FINAL** HOUR!

YET FOR THE WRETCHED **ANGEL OF DEATH**, LET IT BE SAID, THERE WAS YET HOPE FOR PEACE AS HE SAT TO TRY ONCE MORE,



TO THE POSTMASTER,  
SIR,

I AM A WHITE MINISTER  
EN ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA  
WITH MY FAMILY OUR WAGON  
WAS ATTACKED BY KIOWAS,  
WHO SAY, THAT IF THE  
SOLDIERS COME, THEY WILL  
KILL ALL OF US. THEY ARE  
PREPARED TO DIE  
DEFENDING THEIR LAND  
AGAINST YOU. FOR THE  
MERCY OF GOD, SPARE  
ME AND MINE **STAY**  
**AWAY!**

IN THE NAME OF  
CHRIST LORD,  
REV. John Meek

**THIS'LL** STALL  
THEM. IT'LL WORK  
AS SURELY AS  
THERE IS A GOD  
IN HEAVEN.

**BOY, YOU'RE**  
**TOO YOUNG**  
TO BE AN  
ENEMY TO THE  
SOLDIERS.  
YOU'LL  
DELIVER THE  
MESSAGE





A MAN NAMED COFFIN  
AND A TEN YEAR OLD  
CHILD STRUCK OUT TO  
A NAMELESS U.S. ARMY  
POST SOMEWHERE IN  
ARIZONA WITH AN  
AUPACIOUS LAG ON  
PAPER AND A GLIMMER-  
ING HOPE IN THEIR  
HEARTS.



PLEASE,  
GOD, LET  
IT WORK.



INJUN  
WITH A  
WHITE  
FLAG!



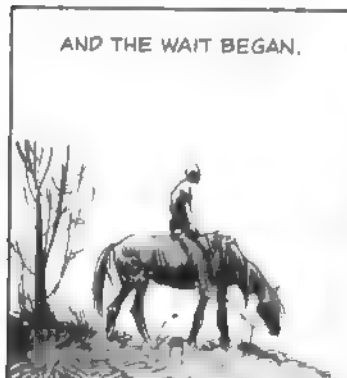
IT'S JUST  
A KID!



STILL AN  
INJUN.

LET 'IM  
IN!

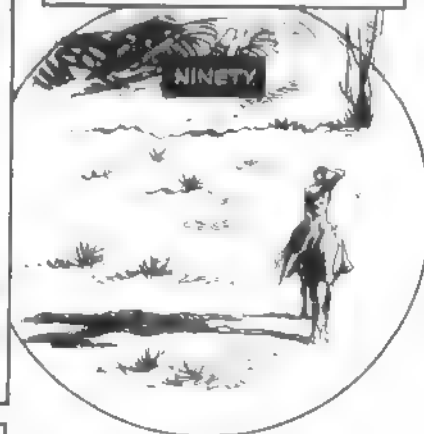
AND THE WAIT BEGAN.



TEN  
MINUTES.



FORTY FIVE.



NINETY.

AND THEN...  
IT WAS OVER.



IT WORKED!  
JUST LIKE I SAID.



AS SURELY AS  
THERE'S A GOD  
IN H--!



NOOOOO!



NEVER WAS HEAVEN  
SO VACANT, A THRONE  
SO EMPTY, OR A MAN  
SO ALONE.

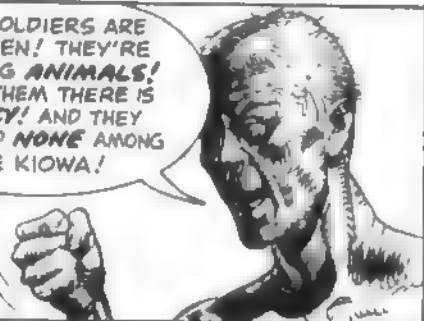


THE MAN CALLED CORBIN HAD LOST THIRTEEN-  
FOLD IN HIS GAMBIT FOR LIFE. HE'D PUT  
HIS FAITH IN GOD, HIS TRUST IN FELLOW  
MAN AND DUMPED THEM BOTH INTO A  
GRAVE WITH A TEN YEAR OLD CHILD.

THEY WERE THE FINAL THREE COBBLE-  
STONES IN A PAVED ROAD TO...



THE SOLDIERS ARE  
**NOT** MEN! THEY'RE  
RAVAGING ANIMALS!  
AMONG THEM THERE IS  
**NO** MERCY! AND THEY  
WILL FIND **NONE** AMONG  
THE KIOWA!



STEEL LANCE!  
THESE ARE THE LAST  
SECONDS! LEAD  
YOUR WARRIORS!

FOLLOW  
ME! TO  
HELL!

I AM  
DEATH!



AND A **WARCRY** ROSE  
UP TO THUNDER THE  
BATTLEMENTS OF HEAVEN  
AS THE **ANGEL OF**  
**DEATH** LED HIS PEOPLE...  
TO **PARADISE!**

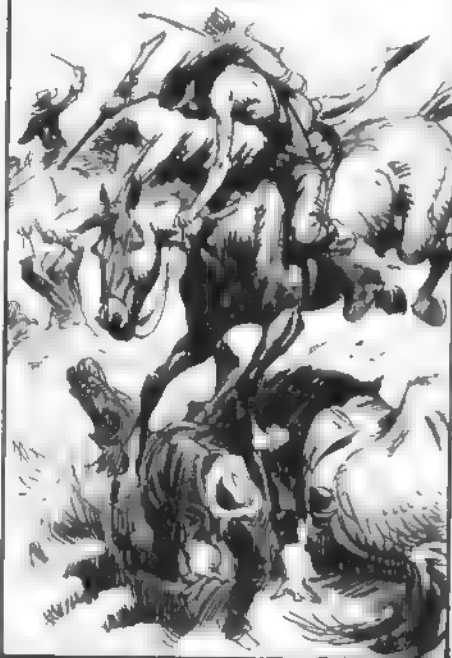




THE **WRITERS** WEREN'T THERE THAT NOVEMBER DAY. THE **NEWS-PAPERMEN** TENDED PRESSES BACK EAST, THE **CAMERMEN** SNAPPED GENTLEMEN IN HIGH STARCHED COLLARS, SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON.



BUT THERE WAS **NO** MERRIMENT FOR THE KIOWA OR THE DARK ANGEL WHO **LED** THEM ON THAT CHILL NOVEMBER AFTERNOON....!



**KID BUNTLINE** AND THE **MAGNUMS** SAT ON PARK AVENUE CREATING LEGENDS OF **BILLY** AND **WYATT**, **CUSTER** AND **SUNDANCE**...

...TELLING SAGAS FOR DIME NOVELS THAT **NEVER** WERE TRUE.

**THANKSGIVING** TURKEY STEAMED ON THE TABLE, **PUMPKIN PIE** AND **SUGAR MAPLE** MADE THE FOLKS MERRY... SOMEWHERE!



BUT NOT *HERE*...!

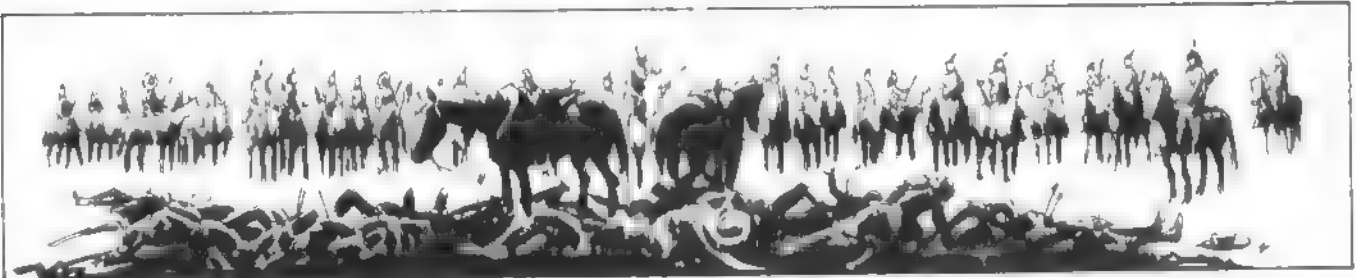
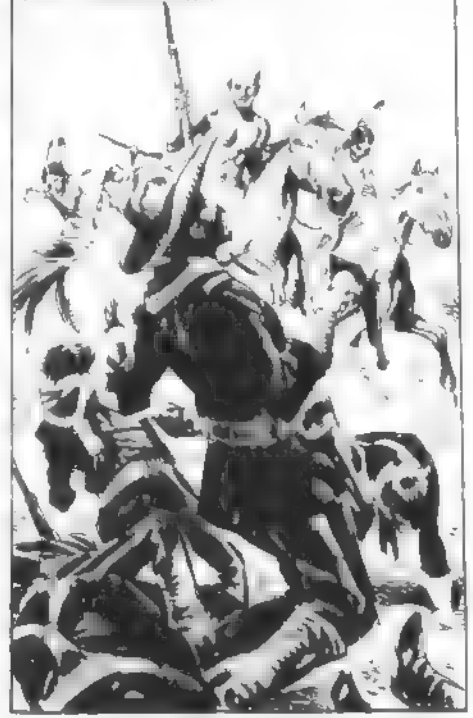


NO ONE EVER *KNEW*, SO THEY'LL NEVER REMEMBER THAT WAR ON THE THIRTIETH MORNING.

WHEN SOLDIERS WIN A BATTLE WITH INDIANS, THEY ALL REMEMBER THE *VICTORY*! BUT WHO CAN RECALL A...



...*MASSACRE*...?



THE BATTLE WAS OVER AND THE KIWAS STILL STOOD TALL AND *PROUD* UPON THE GRAVES OF THEIR ANCESTORS.

YET, THERE WOULD BE *OTHER SOLDIERS*, *OTHER RESERVATIONS*, BUT MAYBE NEXT TIME, THEY'D COME WITH *TREATIES* TO BE HONORED. PERHAPS THEY WOULD COME IN *PEACE*.

I'VE GOT *ANOTHER* LETTER TO WRITE.

TO A *BROTHER* I ALMOST *FORGOT* I HAD!



To Congressman Thomas Meek,  
Washington D.C.

Dear Tom,

It's been a long time since I've been in touch. I'm fine. But there are some mighty mistreated people out here called Kiowa Indians. There's been some bad trouble and you'll have to send the best Indian agent you've got to help out. They need you, Tom.





IN THE FINAL HOUR CAME A NEW BEGINNING FOR OLD PEOPLE, IMPORTANT, GOOD PEOPLE FROM WASHINGTON, PEOPLE WHO CARED WOULD COME TO THE AIDE OF THE ABUSED INDIANS, AND PERHAPS... SOMEHOW, HELP.

THE MAN NAMED COFFIN HAD AT LAST REPAID A LONGSTANDING DEBT.



HE KNEW IT WAS OVER FOR HIM. HIS SEARCH FOR HIMSELF WAS AT AN END.



HE'D FOUND TRUTH, FAITH, LOVE AND HOPE AMONG THE HORRORS OF THE WORLD, ALL INSIDE HIMSELF. HE COULD GO NO FURTHER IN HIS QUEST FOR DEATH... FOR HE FOUND HOW TO LIVE.

TIME WAS COME, HE'D NEED BE A MAN CALLED COFFIN NO LONGER.

SUDDENLY DUSTY, WORN MEMORIES REVERBERATED IN HIS CONSCIOUSNESS. THE VOICE SPOKE, AND HE REMEMBERED, THE CURSE OF AN OLD MEDICINE MAN.

AND SO HERE IS THE CURSE OF A DEAD PEOPLE! YOU, MAN... WILL NEVER DIE! YOU WILL LIVE AND KNOW WOUNDS AND TORMENT! YOU WILL NEVER SLEEP PEACEFULLY IN A GRAVE! YOU ARE CURSED WITH LIFE! YOU WILL SEARCH FOR DEATH TO FULFILL YOUR AGONY... BUT WILL NEVER FIND IT. ONLY I CAN REMOVE YOUR CURSE, BUT I WILL NOT! ONLY WHEN YOU HAVE LEARNED TO LIVE AND RESPECT LIFE... WILL YOU BE FREE.



"NOW GO! AND LIVE!"



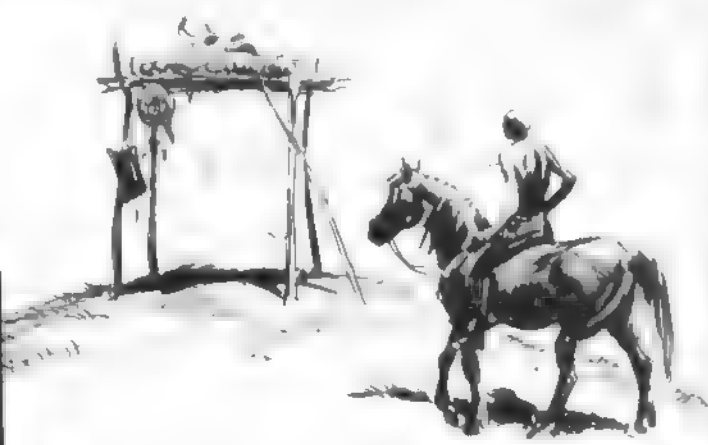
HE HURRIED BACK TO WHERE IT HAD ALL BEGUN, AS STRAIGHT ACROSS COUNTRY TO WHERE HE'D LAST SEEN THE OLD MAGIC MAN AS A PIGEON TO ITS BOX.

HE HURRIED, RUSHED, AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN SO DAMNED LONG, THE MAN SMILED.



HE GOT THERE. BUT THE OLD MAN COULDN'T WAIT FOR HIM.

THE WEARY MEDICINE MAN HAD GONE TO JOIN HIS PEOPLE, CHASING SILVER WHITE BUFFALO ACROSS ETHEREAL PRAIRIES IN ETERNITY.



THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD LIFT THE CURSE OF LIFE WAS DEAD!



THE EVENING  
GATHERED  
ABOUT THE  
CRUSHED MAN,  
AND SUDDENLY  
AN IRONIC  
THOUGHT  
TOUCHED HIS  
HEART... AND  
HE REALIZED!  
  
OF COURSE!



THE ANSWER HAD BEEN HERE ALL ALONG.  
IT WOULD END WHERE IT STARTED. JUST  
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL, AT A VERY  
FAMILIAR MOUND.



ALL HE HAD TO DO WAS STIR UP THE DIRT  
AND LAY HIMSELF **DOWN**. THE **ANTS**...  
THOSE TORMENTERS OF **MONTHS**  
AGO... WOULD DO THE REST.



**SOON**... WHY, IN NO TIME AT ALL,  
THERE'D BE **NOTHING** LEFT BUT  
BONES, A RAG, A PAIR OF BOOTS...  
AND THE WIND SCATTERED  
**MEMORY** OF A MAN THEY  
CALLED... **COFFIN**.

**ARIZONA. 1889. HELL'S SUMMER**  
WAS OVER. THERE HAD COME THE  
COOLING BREEZES, PROMISING WINTER  
LIFE AFTER SUMMER DEATH. AND  
EVERYTHING WAS **FULL OF LIFE**...  
EXCEPT ONE MAN. THE MAN WHO  
SOUGHT **PEACE**.

THERE IS A NEW EARTH, A NEW ORDER AND SCHEME OF THINGS. A NEW WORLD TO BE ADAPTED TO.

THE PASTORAL EARTH IS TRAPPED WITH A TIME-SHELL RAPIDLY APPROACHING EXTINCTION. IT IS A WORLD WITH AN APPOINTED TIME TO DIE.


THE NEW WORLD WOULD BE AN IDEAL PLACE FOR THE HEALING RACE OF MAN TO INHABIT. HERE IT NOT DYING.

MEN OF MAGIC AND SCIENCE HAVE COMBINED TO ACT AS THE LEVER WITH WHICH TIME AND NATURE WILL BE PRIED APART, IN AN EFFORT TO SAVE THE EARTH.

A RESURRECTED HERO IS THE FULCRUM UPON WHICH PRECARIOUSLY RESTS THAT LEVER. A HERO NAMED...

# HUNTER II

2394 AD



HERE I AM UP TO MY KEESTER IN MUD! IF THESE WATERS KEEP RISING, BOTH OF US MAY DROWN BEFORE I CAN UPRIGHT YOU!

IF YOU CAN'T DUMP ME OVER THIS TIME, LEAVE ME! I'M NOT THAT IMPORTANT!

## GOBLIN Thrust





THERE I THINK YOU **MOVED** A TRIFLE! **WHEWH!**

I THINK THE **BIG DIPPER** JUST MOVED, BUT I DIDN'T!



**GOD!** IF I JUST HAD SOME **HELP!**

GIVE UP, **KARAS**. I'D TAKE A **DOZEN** MEN TO **BUDGE** ME OUT OF THIS **MUD**.

SAY, **EXTERMINATOR?** WHAT'S **TWENTY-FOUR** DIVIDED BY **TWO?**

IF MY **COMPUTER TAPES** AREN'T **SOAKED...**



...I'D SAY ABOUT A **DOZEN....!**

**GOOD**. YOU'VE GOT YOUR **BUDGE!** CAUSE I JUST COUNTED **TWENTY-FOUR LEGS!**



IT'S A **GOOD THING** YOU **HAPPENED ALONG!** YOU SEE MY **FRIEND** HERE'S IN **TROUB---**

**SHUT YOUR LYING FACE, PIG!**

**INAR, BYORSVUN**, SCOUT AROUND. SEE IF THERE'RE ANY MORE OF THESE **MURDEROUS MAGGOTS** AROUND.

**TIE THIS ONE UP** AND **BLAST** THAT **TURNED OVER TURTLE**.

**HEY! HOLD ON!**



I TOLD YOU TO  
**SHUT YOUR FACE,**  
MUTANT LEADER!



ECHO, THIS ONE...  
THE **MECHANICAL MAN!**  
COME QUICKLY!



THIS ROBOT MAY  
BE ELSE THAN HE  
**SEEMS, ECHO.**  
IT IS WOUNDED.  
PROBABLY SHOT  
BY THAT MUTANT  
**LEADER.**

IT MUMBLED  
AN ANCIENT **CODE**  
**WORD** FROM OUR  
HOMELANDS... THEN  
A **SPARK** JUMPED  
FROM ITS NECK AND  
IT FELL MUTE.



WHAT ANCIENT  
**CODE WORD** DID  
THIS THING SPEAK?

IT SAID,  
"**MOONTAINT**".

AND A WORD  
NEVER SPAKE BY  
MUTANT-KIND.  
TRULY AN ANCIENT  
PASSWORD. NEARLY  
OUT OF MODERN  
MEMORY.

YET... IT  
MAY BE A  
**TRICK.**



STILL, IF THIS TIN  
MAN IS **NOT** ONE OF THE  
MUTANT FORCES, IT  
WOULD SIN OUR NAMES  
TO LET IT **DIE** HERE.

**RIGHT**  
HIM!



**ECHO!** THERE  
ARE DEAD **GOBLINS**  
UP HERE! A KNOCKED  
OUT **GUN!** AND A  
**BUNKER!**

LET US  
GO SEE.  
MACHINE-  
MAN... CAN  
YOU **MOVE?**

UHH...  
SLOWLY.



THE SOUND OF **GUNFIRE**  
WE HEARD MUST HAVE COME  
FROM **HERE.** THE HELMETED  
GOBLIN **GENERAL** AND HIS GUN  
CREW, NO DOUBT OPENED  
FIRE ON THE METAL MAN.

THE ROBOT WAS  
**ARMED.** HE MUST  
BE A MUTANT  
**KILLER.**

WE'LL **QUESTION**  
OUR MUTANT CAPTIVE  
BEFORE WE **KILL** HIM!



WHAT A SIGHT! DEAD GOBLINS! THE OVERBEARING BULLY-BUFFOONS. THEY THINK THEY HAVE FULL RUN OF THE EARTH AND ALL UPON IT!

THIS IS A FITTING ANSWER TO THAT BELIEF!



THEY BURN! THEY PILLAGE OUR HOMES! THEY STEAL HOSTAGES! PAH! I NEVER COULD BELIEVE THAT PROVIDENCE SENT THEM INTO THIS WORLD BOOTED AND SPURRED TO RIDE...



...GIVING THEM MEN, ALL SADDLED AND BRIDLED TO BE RIDDEN.

FAH! THERE ARE BRUTES LIKE THESE, RUNNING RAMPANT IN EACH NEW INNOCENT GENERATION!



ECHO! THIS GENERAL! HE ISN'T A GOBLIN! COME SEE!



BY GOD! HE'S TOWHEADED LIKE OUR OWN PEOPLE!

WHO ARE YOU? ARE YOU A GOBLIN LEADER? SPEAK!

NOW IF I WERE... A GOBLIN LEADER, FAT MAN, WOULD THERE BE SO MANY DEAD GOBLINS?



YOU MAY NOT BE A GOBLIN BUT YOU ARE ILL-MANNERED!

NOW THEN, ONCE MORE, WITH COMMON RESPECT TO YOUR ELDERS, BOY... WHO ARE YOU?



YOU GOT THE FIRST HIT FREE! I OWE YOU THE SECOND ONE!

I TREMBLE! NOW SPEAK!

I AM KARAS HUNTER. I'M A GOBLIN KILLER. ON MY WAY EAST TO THE MOUNTAINS OF YAUST... TO KILL HIM!





AND IF *STILL* YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, CHECK THESE DEAD MUTANTS. YOU'LL SEE MY BUTCHERY THERE.

IF YOU THINK ME A *LIAR*, SLIP OFF THESE CHAINS... AND I'LL SHOW YOU A FANCY PIECE OF KNUCKLE-WORK.



WELL, THEN... I'LL TRUST MY INSTINCTS *AND* MY RUSTY FRIEND.

WHO IS THIS *BOY*, MACHINE-MAN? YOUR *FRIEND* OR THE ONE WHO *SHOT* YOU?

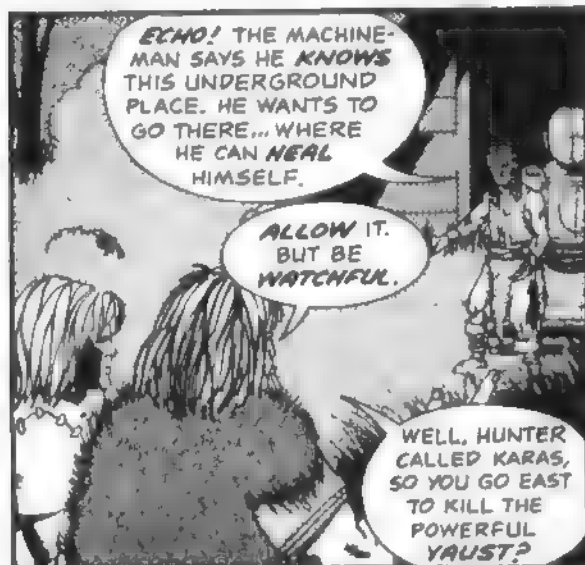
KARIS... GOBLIN HUNTER... *FIRST* DEGREE.



WELL, LET HIM *LOOSE*. I CAN USE A *FIRST DEGREE* GOBLIN HUNTER. HE HAS A *PRETTY* FACE, BUT I'D RATHER LOSE MY WIFE THAN MY LIFE, I SUPPOSE.



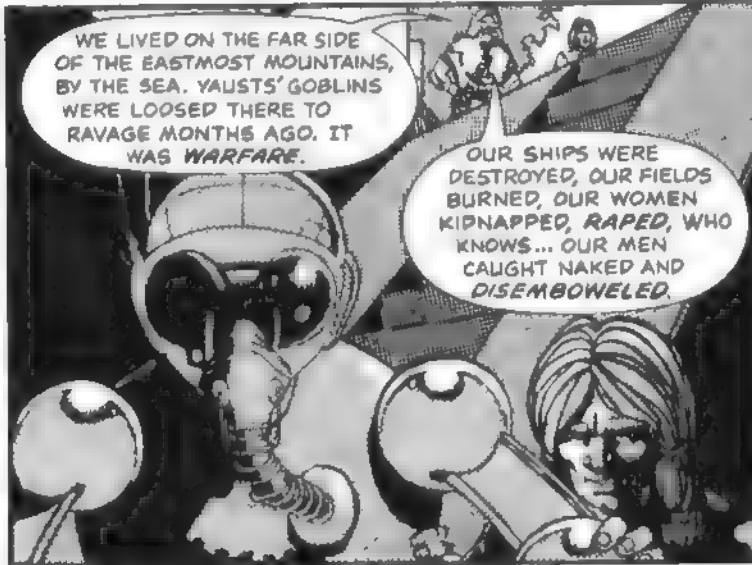
NO MORE *BOY* WILL TAKE ME FROM YOU, MY NOBLE HUSBAND.



*ECHO!* THE MACHINE-MAN SAYS HE *KNOWS* THIS UNDERGROUND PLACE. HE WANTS TO GO THERE... WHERE HE CAN *HEAL* HIMSELF.

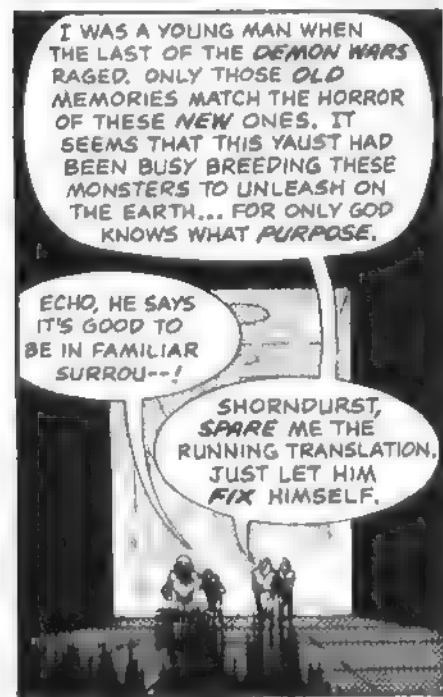
ALLOW IT. BUT BE *WATCHFUL*.

WELL, HUNTER CALLED KARAS, SO YOU GO EAST TO KILL THE POWERFUL *YAUST*?



WE LIVED ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE EASTMOST MOUNTAINS, BY THE SEA. YAUSTS' GOBLINS WERE LOOSE THERE TO RAVAGE MONTHS AGO. IT WAS *WARFARE*.

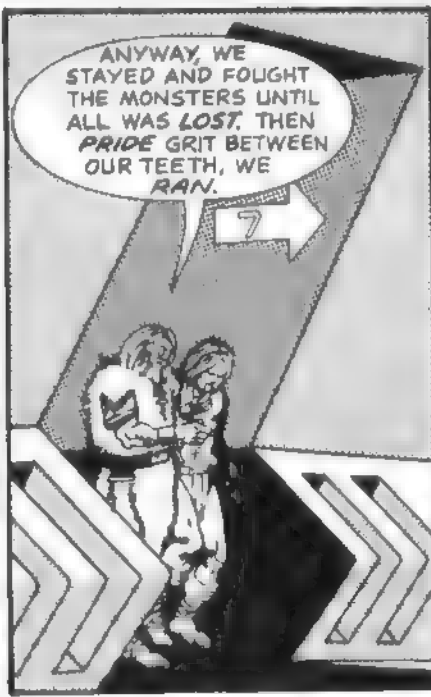
OUR SHIPS WERE DESTROYED, OUR FIELDS BURNED, OUR WOMEN KIDNAPPED, *RAPED*, WHO KNOWS... OUR MEN CAUGHT NAKED AND *DISEMBOWELED*.



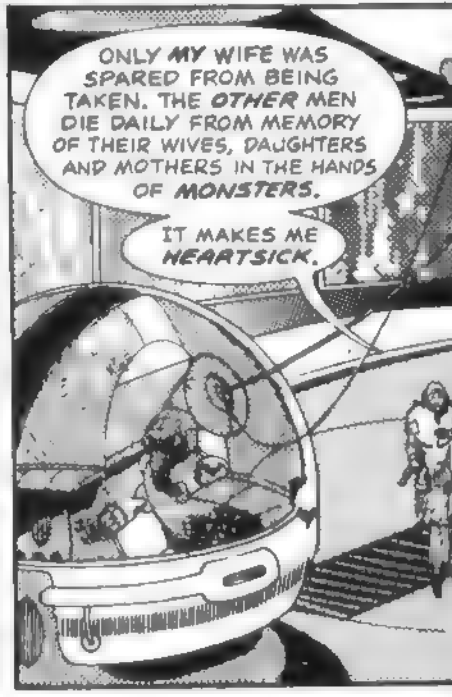
I WAS A YOUNG MAN WHEN THE LAST OF THE *DEMON WARS* RAGED. ONLY THOSE *OLD* MEMORIES MATCH THE HORROR OF THESE *NEW* ONES. IT SEEMS THAT THIS YAUST HAD BEEN BUSY BREEDING THESE MONSTERS TO UNLEASH ON THE EARTH... FOR ONLY GOD KNOWS WHAT *PURPOSE*.

*ECHO*, HE SAYS IT'S GOOD TO BE IN FAMILIAR *SURROU--!*

SHORNDURST, *SPARE* ME THE RUNNING TRANSLATION. JUST LET HIM *FIX* HIMSELF.

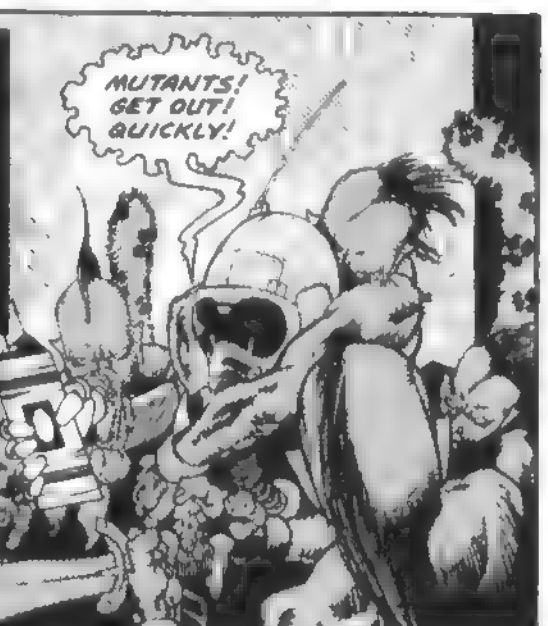
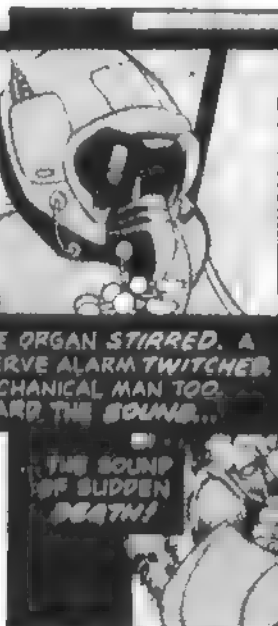
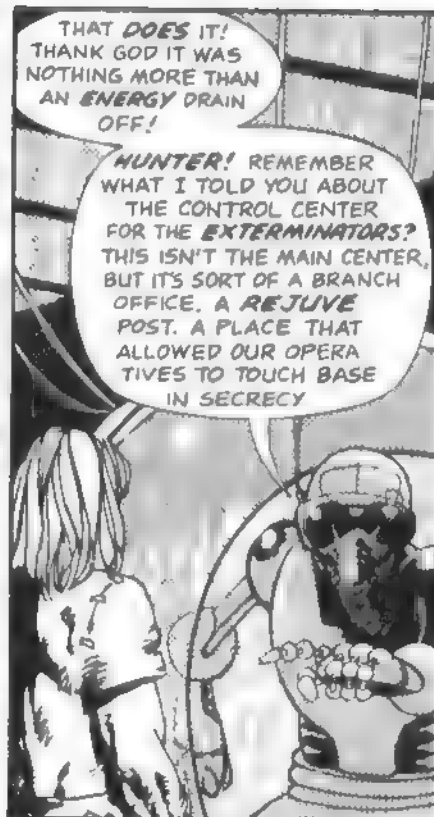


ANYWAY, WE STAYED AND FOUGHT THE MONSTERS UNTIL ALL WAS *LOST*. THEN *PRIDE* GRIT BETWEEN OUR TEETH, WE *RAN*.



ONLY MY WIFE WAS SPARED FROM BEING TAKEN. THE *OTHER* MEN DIE DAILY FROM MEMORY OF THEIR WIVES, DAUGHTERS AND MOTHERS IN THE HANDS OF *MONSTERS*.

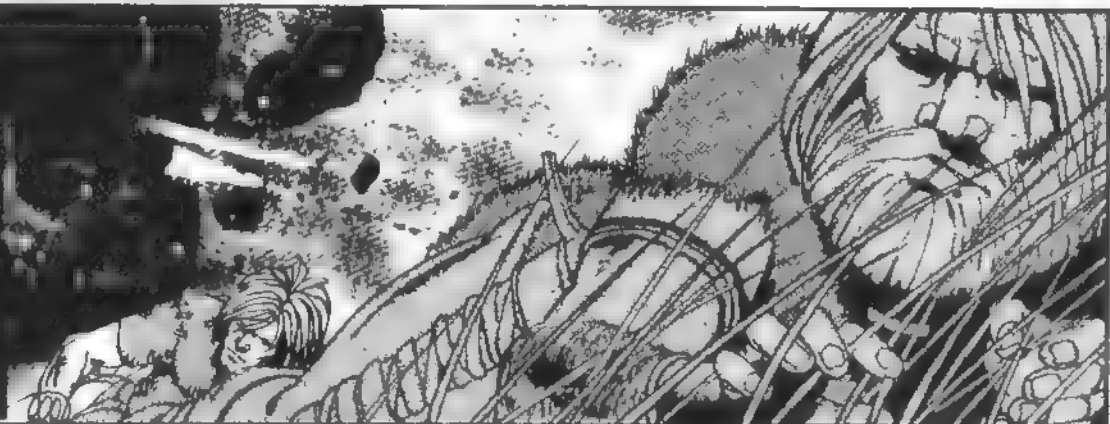
IT MAKES ME *HEARTSICK*.





DEEP FROM THE BOWELS OF THE UNDERGROUND CAVERN CAME BASS RUMBLINGS AND THE LABYRINTH WAS FOREVER SEALED... ALONE WITH ALL WITHIN

A ONCE NOBLE OUTPOST TRANSFORMED INTO A GOBLIN NEST, WAS NOW AND EVER HENCE, SANCTIFIED BY HEROISM.



MY... GOD...!

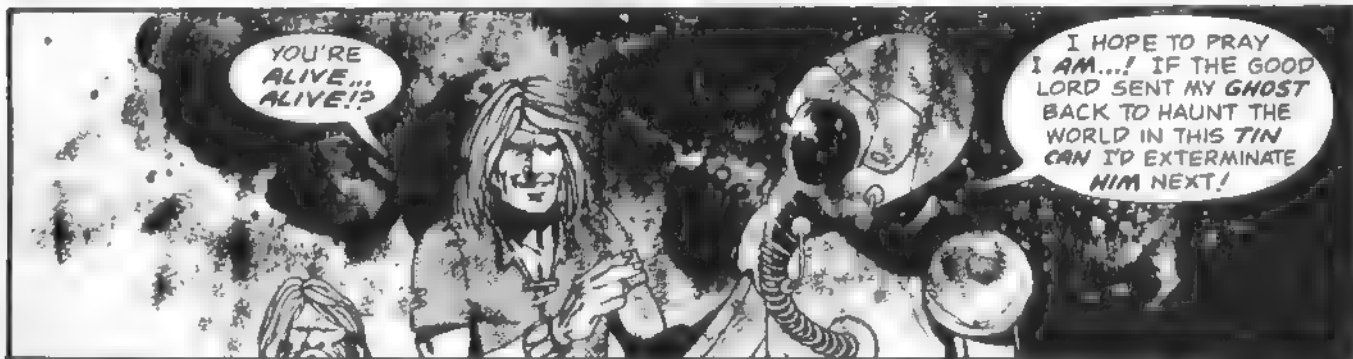
WOULD THAT MEN OF FLESH HAD HEARTS AS NOBLE AS THE MAN OF IRON HE GAVE HIS LIFE TO SAVE US.



BRAVERY. TIS NEVER LOST IN DEATH. BLOOD MAY SLEEP A TIME, BUT NEVER WILL IT DIE. WE SHALL REMEMBER ALWAYS THE COURAGEOUS METAL MAN!



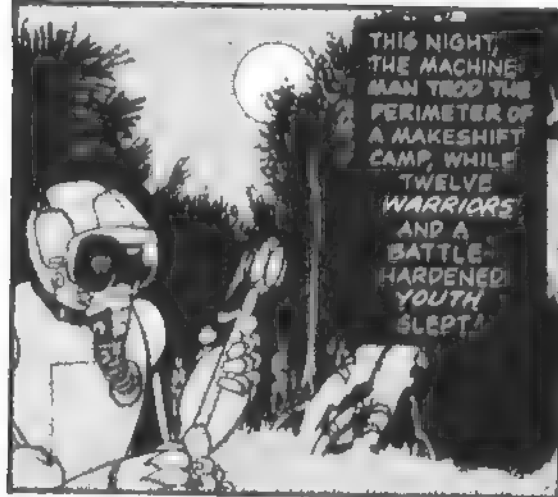
I FEEL GUILTY ABOUT BEING ALIVE AFTER THAT PRETTY EULOGY.



YOU'RE ALIVE... ALIVE!?

I HOPE TO PRAY I AM...! IF THE GOOD LORD SENT MY GHOST BACK TO HAUNT THE WORLD IN THIS TIN CAN I'D EXTERMINATE HIM NEXT!

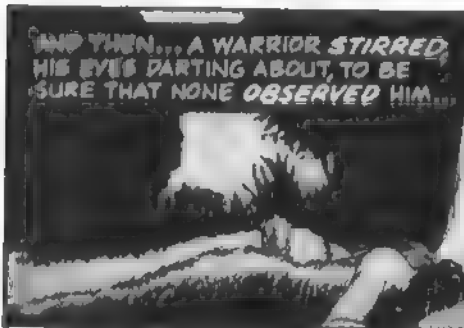




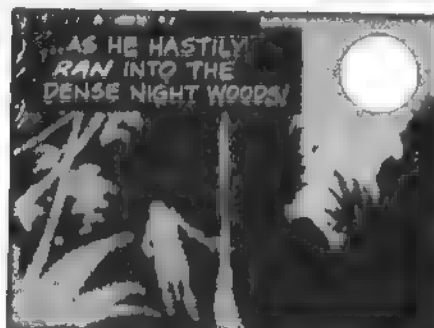
THIS NIGHT, THE MACHINE-MAN TROD THE PERIMETER OF A MAKESHIFT CAMP, WHILE TWELVE WARRIORS AND A BATTLE-HARDENED YOUTH SLEPT.



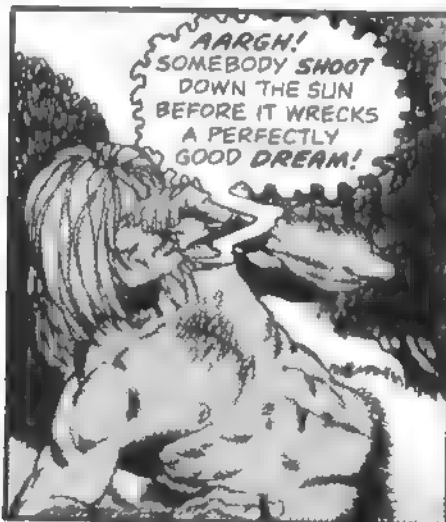
FOR A TIME, GENTLE EYES RESTED ON THE YOUTHFUL KARAS HUNTER. BUT FOOLISH, ROMANTIC DREAMS SOON PULLED EVEN THE GIRL INTO A HEAVY SLUMBER.



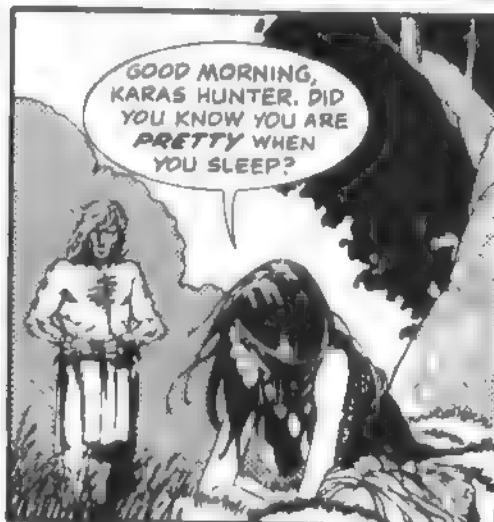
AND THEN... A WARRIOR STIRRED, HIS EYES DARTING ABOUT TO BE SURE THAT NONE OBSERVED HIM.



AS HE HASTILY RAN INTO THE DENSE NIGHT WOODS.



AARGH! SOMEBODY SHOOT DOWN THE SUN BEFORE IT WRECKS A PERFECTLY GOOD DREAM!



GOOD MORNING, KARAS HUNTER. DID YOU KNOW YOU ARE PRETTY WHEN YOU SLEEP?



WELL... GOOD MORNING AND THANK YOU, YOU'RE PRETTY TOO... ALL THE TIME!



ECHO! ECHO! MY BROTHER, DUMAS, IS GONE! GOBLINS HAVE STOLEN HIM DURING THE NIGHT!



THERE HAVE BEEN NO GOBLINS HERE!

DUMAS... IS A TRAITOR!



YOU JUNK HEAP! I'LL KILL YOU FOR THAT ACCUSATION! WHAT GIVES YOU THE RIGHT TO ACCUSE ANYO--!

BEHOLD YOUR BROTHER!



MY GOD!  
IT IS  
DUMAS!

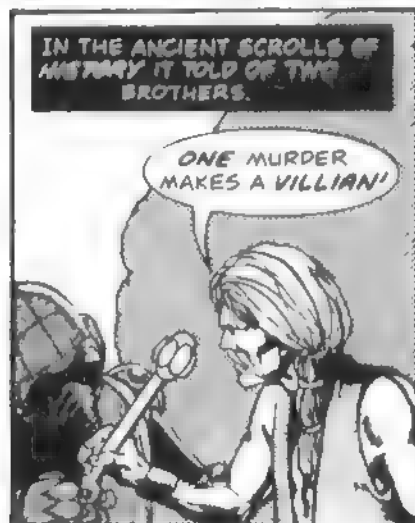
ALL THIS TIME  
WE CARRIED A  
SPY IN OUR  
MIDST.

WHY? WHY  
WOULD HE DO  
THIS TO US? WE  
ARE FAMILY!

WE'RE DOOMED.  
HE'S BROUGHT  
HUNDREDS...

OF KILLER  
GOBLINS!

FOR WEALTH.  
POWER... OR  
MAYBE EVEN  
FOR FEAR!



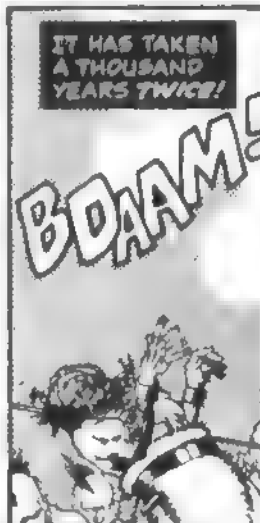
IN THE ANCIENT SCROLLS OF  
HISTORY IT TOLD OF TWO  
BROTHERS.

ONE MURDER  
MAKES A VILLIAN!



ONE BROTHER ROSE  
UP AGAINST THE  
OTHER, AND SLEW  
HIM.

A DOZEN  
MURDERS  
MAKES A  
HERO!



IT HAS TAKEN  
A THOUSAND  
YEARS TWICE!

BOAAM!

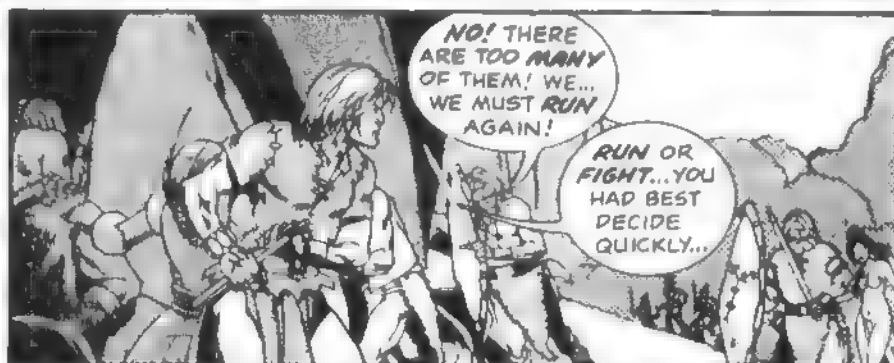


BUT ABEL IS AT  
LAST AVENGED.

HENCE... I  
AM FOREVER MARKED...  
VILLAIN!



HERE THEY  
COME!  
FOLLOW  
ME!

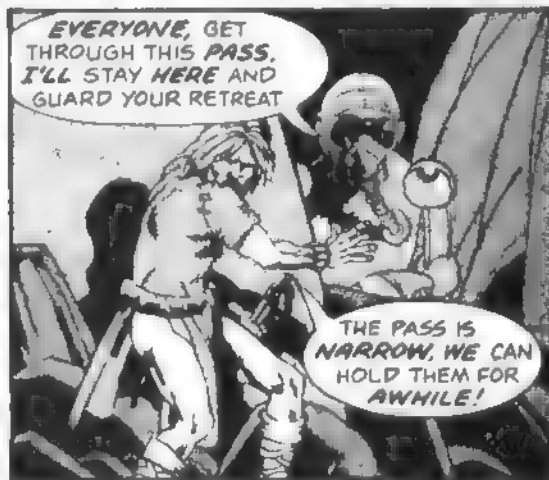


NO! THERE  
ARE TOO MANY  
OF THEM! WE...  
WE MUST RUN  
AGAIN!

RUN OR  
FIGHT... YOU  
HAD BEST  
DECIDE  
QUICKLY...



...OR THE  
DECISION WILL  
BE MADE FOR  
YOU!



EVERYONE, GET  
THROUGH THIS PASS.  
I'LL STAY HERE AND  
GUARD YOUR RETREAT

THE PASS IS  
NARROW, WE CAN  
HOLD THEM FOR  
AWHILE!



NO, KARAS! IT IS YOUR QUEST TO THE MOUNTAIN OF YAUST THAT MUST BE FINISHED. I'LL HOLD THE PASS. ALONE!



THERE IS ONLY ONE RESOLVE HERE. HUNTER MUST KILL THE MONSTER, YAUST. YOU, MACHINE-MAN, MUST SHOW THE WAY.



ME AND MY WARRIORS HAVE BEEN CHASED A THOUSAND MILES FROM OUR HOMES. WE RUN NOT ONE FOOT FURTHER.



WE STAND HERE. IN THIS PASS WE WILL STAND FOUR ABREAST, LOCK OUR SHIELDS...



...AND STOP THE ENEMY.



TAKE CARE OF THEM, MY WIFE. THEY NEED MOTHERING.

AND REMEMBER ME... I LOVE YOU FAR BEYOND THIS HOUR...

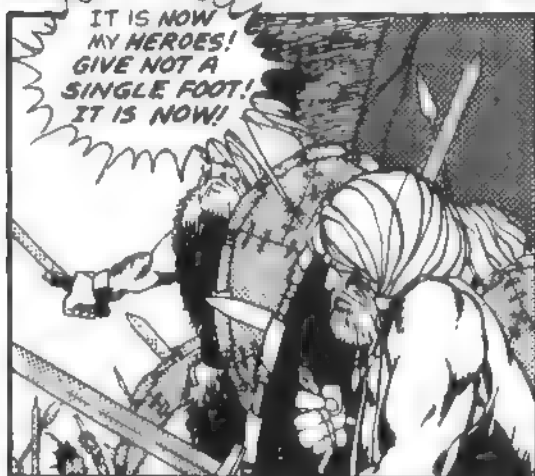


...FAR BEYOND THIS FINAL HOUR...



AAIEEEEE! COME NOW, GUT-EATERS!

COME TASTE THE BLADES OF THOSE WHO DO NOT FEAR YOU!



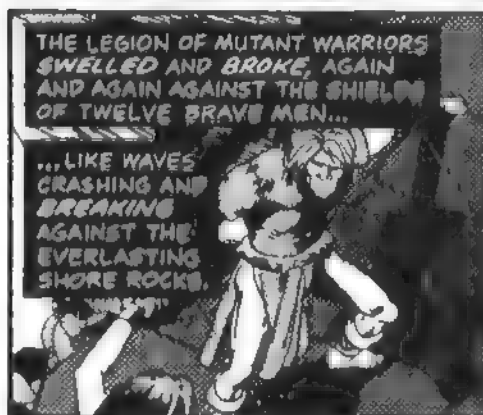
IT IS NOW MY HEROES! GIVE NOT A SINGLE FOOT! IT IS NOW!



THE DIN OF DIRE BATTLE WELLED FROM THE VALLEY FLOOR AND FILLED THE WORLD WITH HOPE.



CRIES OF THE DEAD AND THE DEFIANT ROSE ABOVE THE CLANG OF SWORD UPON SHIELD.



THE LEGION OF MUTANT WARRIORS SWELLED AND BROKE, AGAIN AND AGAIN AGAINST THE SHIELDS OF TWELVE BRAVE MEN...

...LIKE WAVES CRASHING AND BREAKING AGAINST THE EVERLASTING SHORE ROCKS.



THEN ALL WAS SILENT.

IT'S... FINISHED.



WHAT WAS IT ECHO SAID? "BRAVERY. TIS NEVER LOST IN DEATH. BLOOD MAY SLEEP A TIME, BUT NEVER DIES."

SHIELDS STILL LOCKED, FOUR ACROSS, THREE DEEP, THE TIDE WAS TURNED. ALL WERE DEAD.

YET, THEY HAD GIVEN NOT A SINGLE FOOT.



# WHILE THEY LAST!

# JAMES BOND 007

# POSTERS!

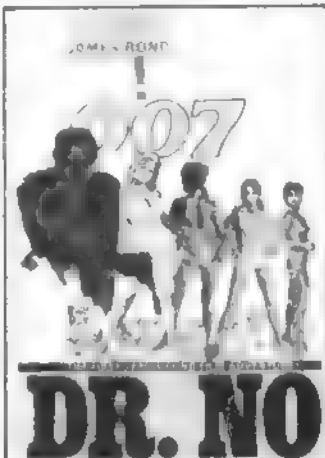
**EXCLUSIVE! MOTION PICTURE POSTERS. ORIGINAL FULL-SIZE ONE SHEETS IN COLOR AND MINT CONDITION! FEATURES BOND, HIS FOES, AND HIS WOMEN.**

These are the films that made Bond famous! And the world's most indestructible spy is back in the form of magnificent collector's item posters. Each is a big 27"x40", and will add a touch of intrigue to your favorite wall. But our supply of these rare, high-quality pin-ups is limited, so be sure to order yours today!



**FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**

**FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE #1**  
Two Color  
Matte Finish  
#2958 \$4.00



**DR. NO**

**DR NO**  
Full Color  
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**GOLDFINGER**

**GOLDFINGER**  
Full Color  
Glossy Finish  
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**FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**

**FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE #2**  
Two Color  
Matte Finish  
#2957 \$4.00

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**NEW! FROM HOLLYWOOD! VINYL MOVIE MONSTER MASKS!**

They fit the whole head. Sturdy, flexible but unbreakable all-weather vinyl masks. Reasonably priced so you can buy 'em ALL! All great!



**"THIN" FRANKENSTEIN!** For the narrow-minded this one's a must! "THIN" FRANKENSTEIN \$8.95 #2555



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## PROLOGUE

THE SITUATION REACHED  
CRISIS PROPORTIONS SEVEN YEARS AGO.



OVERPOPULATION WAS THE ROOT  
FROM WHICH ALL OTHER PROBLEMS  
STEMMED...SO THE GOVERNMENT  
INSTITUTED A SIX-POINT PROGRAM  
DESIGNED TO CURB THE BIRTH RATE,  
PROMISING THAT THESE MEASURES  
WOULD ONLY BE TEMPORARY.

AS USUAL, GOVERNMENTAL OPTIMISM  
ENGENDERED ONLY FALSE HOPES. IN  
THOSE SEVEN YEARS, FAMINE AND  
DISEASE CLAIMED HUNDREDS OF  
THOUSANDS OF LIVES.



BUT IT WAS NOWHERE  
NEAR ENOUGH.

EDICTS WERE ISSUED  
PROHIBITING ALL CARNAL PRACTICES  
SAVE HOMOSEXUALITY, WHICH  
POSED NO THREAT OF FREQUENTLY  
ALL UNBORN CHILDREN WERE SUBJECT  
TO IMMEDIATE ABORTION. THE  
MOTHERS WERE IMPRISONED.  
THE FATHERS, IF DISCOVERED,  
WERE CASTRATED.



ALL CRIMES, FROM  
JAYWALKING TO THEFT, WERE  
PUNISHABLE BY DEATH, SAVE  
MURDER, WHICH WAS  
REDUCED TO A MISDEMEANOR.  
MURDERERS WERE, IN ESSENCE,  
GIVING SOCIETY A FAVOR.

WHILE THESE MEASURES WERE  
PRESENTED TO A DEFEATE  
PUBLIC, THE ELECTED LEADERS IN  
WASHINGTON HAD A SECRET PLAN  
FOR DIMINISHING THE NATION'S  
NUMBERS.

GOVERNMENT AGENCIES, LED BY  
THE CIA, WENT AMONG THE POPULACE,  
FOSTERING DISCONTENT AND  
REVOLUTION.

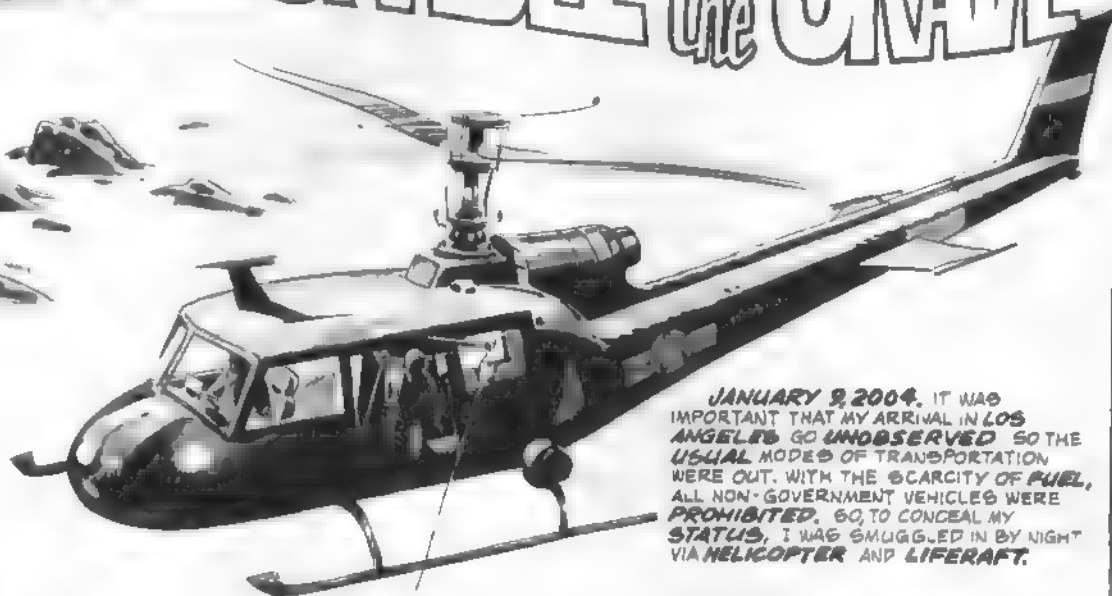
FOR, LET'S FACE IT...A LOT OF  
PEOPLE DIE IN A REVOLUTION.



CODE NAME:

# SLAUGHTER FIVE

# FROM the CRADLE to the GRAVE



JANUARY 9, 2004. IT WAS IMPORTANT THAT MY ARRIVAL IN LOS ANGELES GO UNOBSERVED SO THE USUAL MODES OF TRANSPORTATION WERE OUT. WITH THE SCARCITY OF FUEL, ALL NON-GOVERNMENT VEHICLES WERE PROHIBITED. SO, TO CONCEAL MY STATUS, I WAS SMUGGLED IN BY NIGHT VIA HELICOPTER AND LIFERAFT.

I WAS HERE WITH A MISSION. TO NOTICE THE MASSES TO REVOLT, WHILE INSURING THAT THEIR ORGANIZATION AND ARTILLERY WERE INSUFFICIENT FOR SUCCESS.

ALL THE GOVERNMENT WANTED WAS A LEGITIMATE EXCUSE FOR MASS MURDER. NOT ONLY WOULD IT RID THE WORLD OF EXCESS POPULATION, BUT IT ALSO DETER FUTURE INSURGENCE IF CONDITIONS WORSENER.



A SMALL REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT HAD ALREADY BEGUN IN L.A. MY JOB WAS TO INFILTRATE IT, WORK MY WAY UP TO THE COMMAND SCHEDULE, AND DIRECT ITS COURSE.



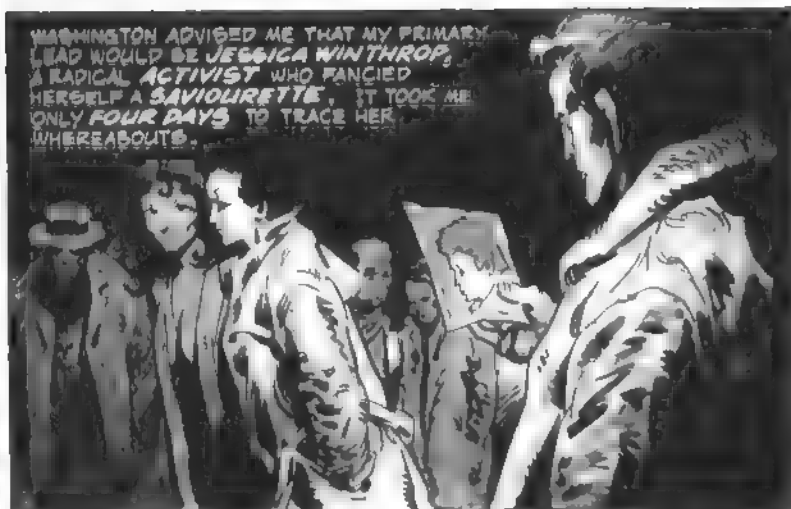
AT FIRST, I BALKED AT THE IDEA. BUT AS I LOOKED AT THE POVERTY AND ANGER OF THE WORLD, I SAW THAT SOME MUST DIE FOR OTHERS TO LIVE.



LOS ANGELES, LIKE MOST URBAN AREAS, SUFFERED **MOST** FROM THE BLIGHT OF OVERPOPULATION. **SANITATION** EFFORTS WERE **FUTILE**, AND THE STREETS WERE LINED WITH **WASTE** AND **REFUSE**.



THE STENCH **ALONE** MADE ME WANT TO VOMIT.



WASHINGTON ADVISED ME THAT MY PRIMARY LEAD WOULD BE **JESSICA WINTHROP**, A **RADICAL ACTIVIST** WHO FANCIED HERSELF A **SAVIOURETTE**. IT TOOK ME ONLY **FOUR DAYS** TO TRACE HER WHEREABOUTS.



EXCUSE ME... **MISS WINTHROP?**

WHO ARE YOU?

THE NAME IS **MARSHALL AMES**. I REPRESENT AN ORGANIZATION CALLED **CORD...** THE CIVIC ORGANIZATION FOR RESISTANCE AND DISOBEDIENCE. I AM HERE TO MAKE A PROPOSAL.



IS THERE SOMEPLACE WHERE WE CAN TALK?

I'M NOT SURE I WANT TO, MR. AMES. SOMEONE IN MY POSITION IS NOT **QUICK** TO TRUST **STRANGERS**, PARTICULARLY **AGGRESSIVE** ONES.

BUT YOU'VE AROUSED MY **CURIOSITY...**



AS SHE LED ME TOWARD AN ABANDONED BASEMENT, I MADE A MENTAL **ASSESSMENT** OF **JESSICA WINTHROP**. ALERT, PERCEPTIVE, RESOURCEFUL.

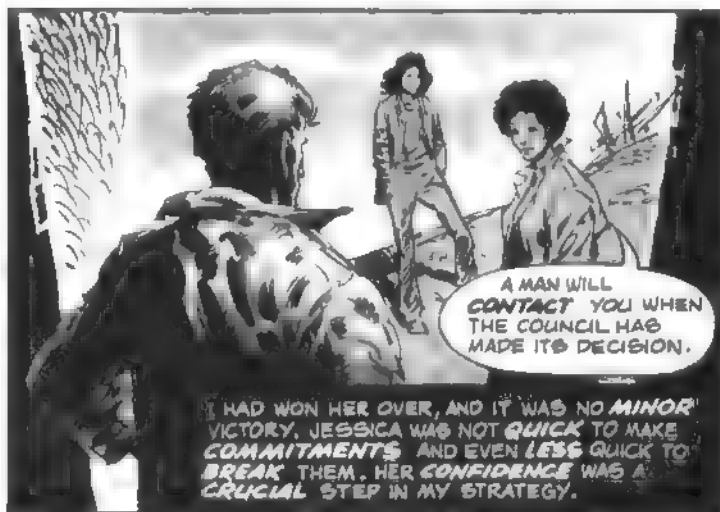
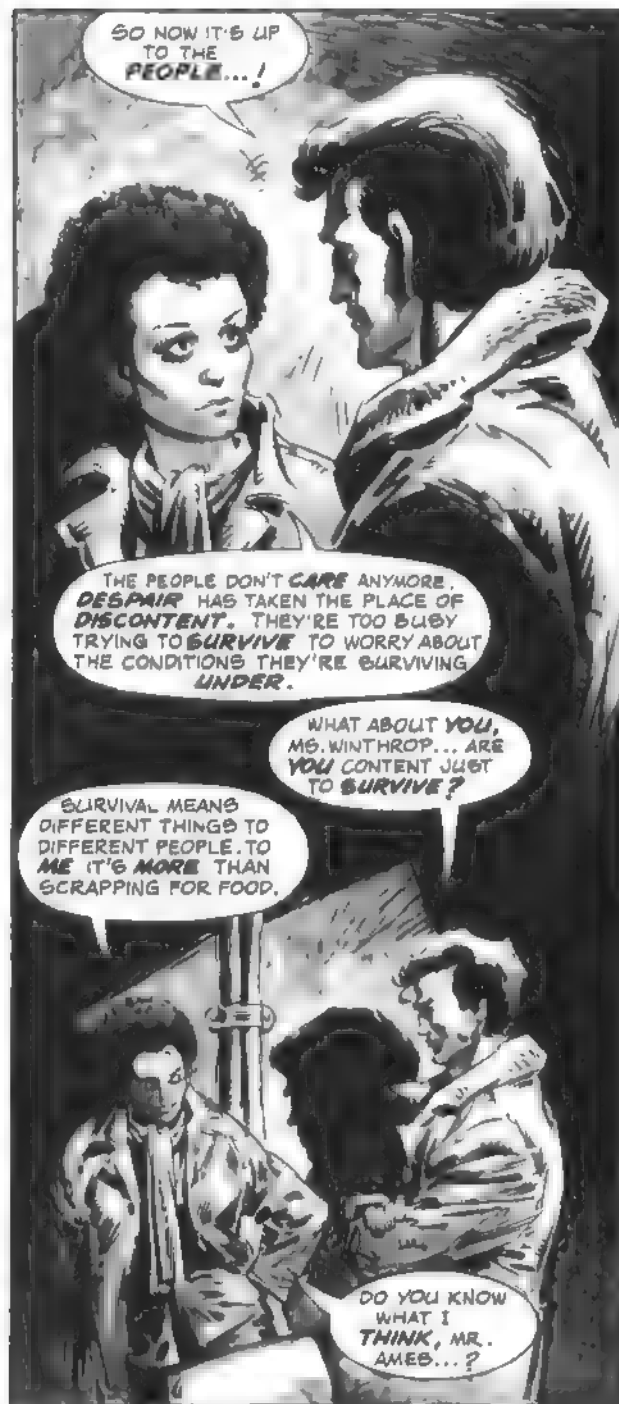
I CAN'T GUARANTEE **COMPLETE** PRIVACY, BUT IT'S THE BEST I CAN DO ON SHORT NOTICE.



I KNEW THE TASK AHEAD WOULD NOT BE **EASY**.

IN OTHER WORDS, YOU DON'T **TRUST** ME ENOUGH TO BRING ME TO YOUR **USUAL** HAUNTS.

YOU'RE DAMN **RIGHT**, MR. AMES.



THE SUNSHINE ONLY AGGRAVATED AND ENRICHED THE PUTRID STENCH THAT HUNG IN THE AIR. THE CITY SEEMED A DECAYING MAUSOLEUM, INFESTED BY HUMAN MAGGOTS.

K-KILL M-ME...  
P-PLEASE S-SOMEBODY  
...KILL... ME...!

WON'T YOU K-KILL  
M-ME... M-MISTER...  
PLEASE... ?

I FELT MY FINGERS CONSTRICT IN VOLUNTARILY IN MUTE ANSWER TO HER PLEA. I WANTED TO KILL HER, GOD KNOWS, IF ONLY TO SLOT THIS UGLINESS FROM MY SIGHT.

BUT MURDER, EVEN EUTHANASIA, WAS STILL A MISDEMEANOR, AND I COULDN'T ENDANGER MY MISSION BY ATTRACTING UNDESIRABLE ATTENTION. HER CRIES JOINED THE UNIVERSAL WHIMPER THAT SEEMED TO HOVER OVER THE CITY.

K-KILL ME  
P-PLEASE...!

ELSEWHERE, THAT NIGHT

I STILL THINK YOU ARE WRONG TO TRUST THAT MAN, JESSICA. FROM WHAT YOU TOLD ME HE IS TOO CLEVER, TOO CONFIDENT. HE WILL HURT OUR CAUSE....!

YOU THINK I AM WRONG TO TRUST ANY MAN, AMY. THE GOVERNMENT'S SEXUALITY EDICT SUITED YOUR NATURE PERFECTLY. BUT NOT MINE.

I'M SORRY. I SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID THAT.

IF YOU OPPOSE THE EDICT, WHY DO YOU OBEY IT?

BECAUSE IT IS LAW. I CAN'T GIVE THE GOVERNMENT ANY EXCUSE TO ARREST ME... THE MOVEMENT NEEDS ME.

YOU COULD ABSTAIN...!

AMY, WE ALL NEED WARMTH AND LOVE. AND NO MATTER WHAT I PREFER, LOVE EVEN LOVE FROM ANOTHER WOMAN IS BETTER THAN NO LOVE AT ALL.

BESIDES, THERE IS A CRISIS GOING ON I HAVE TO MAKE CONCESSIONS AND COMPROMISES LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.



MEANWHILE, I PICKED UP AN EVENING NEWSPAPER. ALTHOUGH PEOPLE RARELY READ THEM ANYMORE, THEY CONTINUED TO BE PUBLISHED, MAINLY TO CARRY THE GOVERNMENT LINE TO THE PEOPLE.

THE CONTENTS WERE TYPICAL.



IN CHINA, A THOUSAND OF BUDDHIST MONKS MARCHED INTO THE SEA LIKE LEMMINGS IN A NOBLE SUICIDE GESTURE TO PROVIDE MORE FOOD FOR THEIR PEOPLE.

HERE IN LOS ANGELES, AUTHORITIES GROW ALARMED AT THE INCREASING INCIDENTS OF CANNIBALISM, AND THREATEN TO CALL IN THE NATIONAL GUARD IF IT CONTINUES.

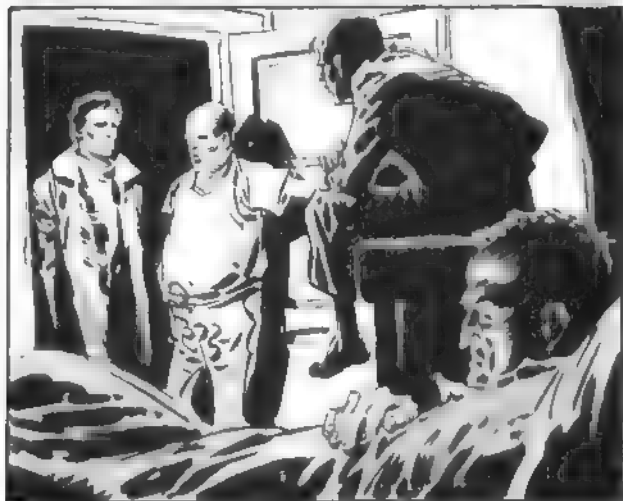


AS I SAID... TYPICAL.

I SPENT THE NIGHT AT A HOSTEL, IN THE COMPANY OF TWO UNGAVORY MEN WHO INSISTED ON ELABORATING IN GREAT DETAIL UPON THE AFOREMENTIONED NEWS ITEMS.

ONE OF THEM TOLD ME HOW HIS OWN APARTMENT BUILDING HAD BEEN BESEIGED BY AN INSANE, HALF-STARVED MOB WHO TRIED TO DEVOUR ITS OCCUPANTS.

IT MAY SOUND PREPOSTEROUS, BUT SIMILIAR INCIDENTS HAVE BEEN REPORTED THROUGHOUT THE CITY. CANNIBALISM WAS BECOMING AN EPIDEMIC OF MAJOR PROPORTIONS.



THE FOLLOWING MORNING, JESSIE'S COUNCIL CONTACTED ME AND PROMISED TWO MENIALS ESCORTED ME TO A CRAMPED REFRIGERATION CHAMBER BENEATH AN ABANDONED FLORIST SHOP.



I'M IMPRESSED.  
I DOUBT WE'LL HAVE ANY  
PROBLEM WITH UNWANTED  
EAVESDROPPERS HERE!

EAVESDROPPERS ARE  
THE LEAST OF OUR FEARS.  
OR HAVEN'T YOU BEEN PAYING  
ATTENTION TO THE NEWS?

THIS SECTION OF THE  
CITY HAS SUFFERED  
SEVERAL CASES OF  
CANNIBALISM THE  
PAST FEW DAYS!



THERE SEEMS TO BE NO  
WAY TO CONTROL THE MOSS  
ONCE THEY ARE FORMED. MASS  
HYSTERIA SETS IN, AND  
THINGS JUST REACH  
INCREDIBLE PROPORTIONS.  
I THINK WE'D BE WISE TO FIND  
A NEW HEADQUARTERS  
BEFORE THE SITUATION  
WORSENS.

POSSIBLY. BUT  
NOW TO THE BUSINESS  
AT HAND...



...WE'VE DECIDED  
AGAINST AN ALLIANCE  
WITH CORP. THE MERGER  
WOULD GENERATE TOO  
MUCH ACTIVITY AND  
UNDULY AROUSE THE  
SUSPICIONS OF THE  
GOVERNMENT.

BESIDES, WE  
HAVE ENOUGH  
TROUBLE  
CONTROLLING THE  
SMALL GROUP  
ALREADY AT OUR  
COMMAND.



AS FOR YOURSELF, MR.  
AMES, YOU SHOW THE KIND OF  
ENTHUSIASM AND INITIATIVE  
WE NEED! IF YOU WOULD  
LIKE TO JOIN US, WE WOULD  
WELCOME YOU!

JESSICA'S RECOMMENDATION  
IS MORE THAN SUFFICIENT.

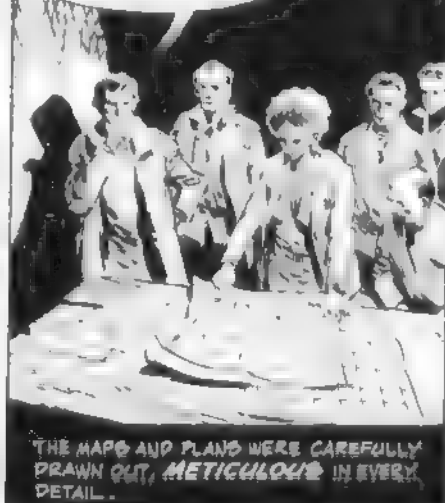


THEY COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE  
COOPERATIVE IF THEY WERE  
READING FROM A PREARRANGED  
SCRIPT. I ACCEPTED IMMEDIATELY  
AND SIGHED INWARDLY AS THE MOST  
DIFFICULT PART OF MY  
MISSION WAS SUCCESSFULLY  
CONCLUDED.



NOT ONLY HAD I WON A PLACE WITHIN  
THE GROUP BUT I HAD GAINED THEIR  
RESPECT AS WELL.

HOW MANY PEOPLE  
CAN WE MUSTER FOR THE  
REVOLUTION? HUNDREDS,  
THOUSANDS?



THE MAPS AND PLANS WERE CAREFULLY  
DRAWN OUT, METICULOUS IN EVERY  
DETAIL.

THE MASSES ARE TOO **DISORGANIZED**... TOO POORLY **TRAINED** TO BE OF ANY **VALUE**. THEY WOULD **HINDER** RATHER THAN **HELP** US.

**NUMBERS** WILL NOT WIN THIS WAR... ONLY **SWIFT, DECISIVE STRATEGIC ACTION!**

BUT SURELY THERE IS **STRENGTH** IN **NUMBERS**. IMAGINE **THOUSANDS** OF **BODIES** FIGHTING **SIDE BY SIDE** FOR A **COMMON CAUSE**... **OUR CAUSE!**

AN **OUTMODED** CONCEPT. THE DAY OF THE **MASS REVOLUTION** IS **PASSED**, MADE **OBSELETE** BY **TECHNOLOGY** DEVELOPED DURING THE **VIETNAM** WAR. **FORTY YEARS** AGO!

REVOLUTION IS A **SERIOUS** BUSINESS, MR. AMES. THE ONLY REASON WE HAVE **ENTERED** IT IS TO **SAVE** LIVES. **THOUSANDS** OF PEOPLE ARE DYING OF **HUNGER** AND **DISEASE** WHILE THOSE WHO **LIVE** ARE FEEDING OFF THE **FLESH** OF OTHERS.

STILL, IF WE RESORT TO A **BLOODY INSURRECTION** IN WHICH **THOUSANDS MORE** DIE, WHAT HAVE WE REALLY **GAINED?**

HER WORDS STRUCK SOME LATENT **DOUBTS** IN THE BACK OF MY MIND, AND A NEW **PERSPECTIVE** BEGAN TO TAKE SHAPE. THESE PEOPLE WERE NOT THE **RADICAL POLITICOS** MY **SUPERIORS** TRIED TO MAKE ME BELIEVE... THEY WERE **RATIONAL MILITARY STRATEGISTS!**

MORE THAN THAT...

THEY'RE **THINKERS**... **PLANNERS**... BUILDING A FUTURE ON **HOPE**, ON **POSITIVE ACTION**. YET THEY'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO'VE THREATENED THE **EXISTING POWER STRUCTURE**... AND THUS MUST BE **DESTROYED**.

I THOUGHT OF THE **OTHERS** OUTSIDE. THE **SHEEP** WHO WOULD CONTINUE TO **BLEAT** AND **MOAN** AND **EXIST** UNTIL THEY **DIED** **PASSIVELY**.

WHO REALLY CARED ABOUT THEM? THE **GOVERNMENT**? NO. **FIVE YEARS** EXPERIENCE CONVINCED ME OTHERWISE.



THE REVOLUTIONARIES? PERHAPS. UNDENIABLY, IT WAS A GAMBLE, BUT IN SEVEN YEARS OF PROMISES, THE LORDS OF WASHINGTON BROUGHT ONLY FAMINE, DISEASE, SUICIDE, AND CANNIBALISM.

AND THEIR ONLY SOLUTION WAS SLAUGHTER.



MY DECISION WAS MADE. WASHINGTON WOULD BE MOST **DISPLEASED**. BUT THEY WOULD NEVER KNOW UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE, THAT THERE WOULD BE NO SABOTAGE.

BE CAREFUL, MARSHALL. THE CANNIBAL MOBS ARE PLACING THE NEIGHBORHOOD... AND GOD HELP US IF THEY SHOULD FIND OUR LAIR!



BEFORE I GO, JESSICA... THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT ME...

IT'S NOT NECESSARY, MARSHALL. WE'VE KNOWN FROM THE VERY BEGINNING.



THEN WHY DID YOU--?



BECAUSE I SAW THE NOBLE INTENTIONS BENEATH YOUR PHONY COVER. I COULD SEE THAT YOU WANTED TO HELP HUMANITY, AND WERE DOING IT IN THE BEST WAY YOU KNEW HOW.

I KNEW IF I COULD SHOW YOU A BETTER WAY, YOU WOULD JOIN US. AND SOMEONE IN YOUR POSITION WOULD BE AN INVALUABLE AD.



I SUPPOSE I SHOULD REGRET BEING USED THAT WAY, BUT I'M NOT ONE TO CAST THE FIRST STONE.

AS YOU SAID, IT'S ALL WORKED OUT FOR THE BEST...?



THE REFRIGERATOR DOOR WAS FOUR INCHES OF SOLID STEEL, WHICH EXPLAINS WHY I DIDN'T HEAR THE SHUDDERS AND GROWLS WITHOUT.



WHEN I SAW, IT WAS ALREADY TOO LATE.

OH, LORD, THEY MUST HAVE FOLLOWED US TO THE CHAMBER... THEN WAITED OUT THERE LIKE BUZZARDS FOR THE DOOR TO OPEN!

I KNEW WE SHOULD HAVE CHANGED HEADQUARTERS WHEN THE FIRST WAVE STARTED...!

F-FOOD...  
FOOD...  
FOOD...!



BUT THE TIME FOR RECRIMINATIONS WAS PAST. ONLY ONE QUESTION BURNED IN MY MIND...

WHO WOULD SAVE MANKIND WHEN WE WERE GONE?

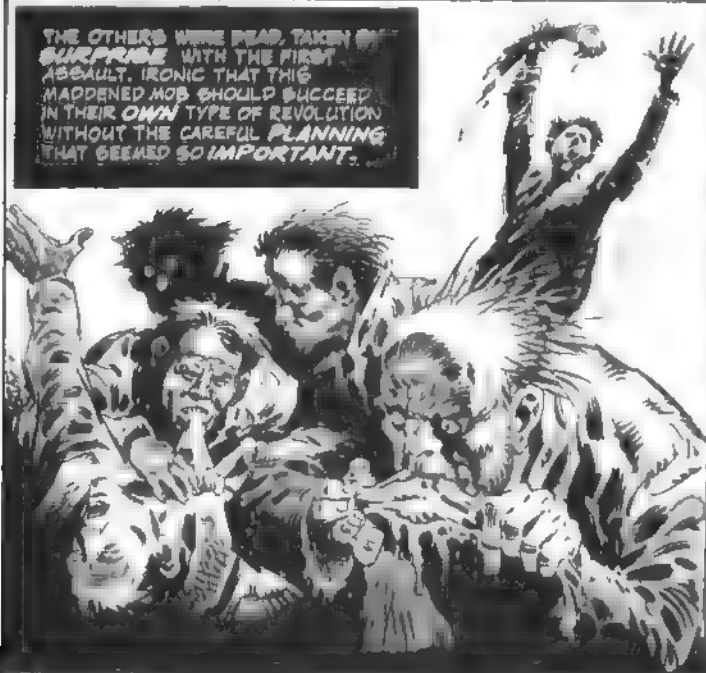


FOOD!  
FOOD!  
FOOD!



I SQUIRMED AND STRUGGLED, BUT DESPERATION FOSTERED UNNATURAL STRENGTH WITHIN THEM.

THE OTHERS WERE DEAD, TAKEN BY SURPRISE WITH THE FIRST ASSAULT. IRONIC THAT THIS MADDENED MOB SHOULD SUCCEED IN THEIR OWN TYPE OF REVOLUTION WITHOUT THE CAREFUL PLANNING THAT SEEMED SO IMPORTANT.

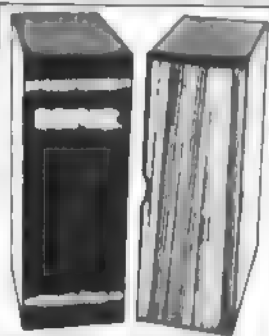


YET EVEN AS MY FLESH WAS RIPPED, AND CLAWED, AND STRIPPED, ONE PHRASE HELD FAST AND DIED IN MY MIND.



FATHER, FORGIVE THEM... THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY ARE DOING.

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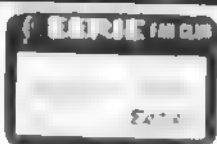


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# EL CID



EL CID!  
EL CID!  
WE ARE  
PROTECTED  
BY GOD AND  
EL CID!

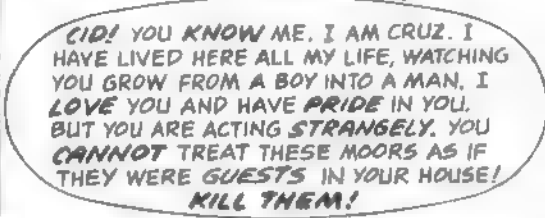
DON DIEGUEZ!  
I SEE CHRISTIANS  
AND MOORS GALLOPING  
TOWARD VIVAR! IT IS  
EL CID CAMPEADOR!

LOOK HERE, EL CID  
HAS CAPTURED ALL  
THE MOORS!

NO! MY SON  
CAPTURES ONLY  
THE LEADERS! HE  
SLAYS THE  
REST!

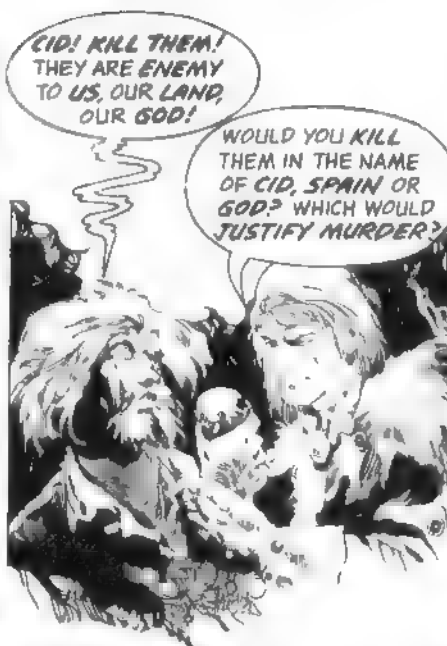
EL CID! EL CID!  
WE ARE LOVED BY  
GOD AND EL CID!

# CROOKED MOUTH





YES, I **AM** OLD AND YOU ARE NOTHING BUT A YOUNG MAN, DON RODRIGUEZ, YOU HAVE NOT YET **SEEN** WHAT I HAVE SEEN IN **OTHER** TIMES.



**CID! KILL THEM! THEY ARE ENEMY TO US, OUR LAND, OUR GOD!**

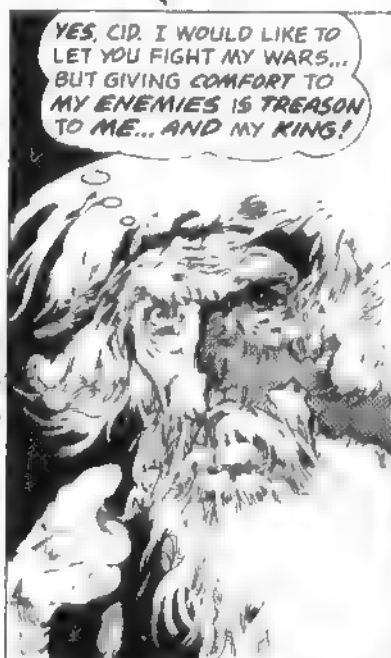
WOULD YOU **KILL** THEM IN THE NAME OF **CID, SPAIN OR GOD?** WHICH WOULD **JUSTIFY MURDER?**



**ESCORT THESE NOBLES INTO MY FATHER'S HOUSE! REMOVE THEIR BONDS AND SPEAK TO THEM NOT WITH GRIT TEETH!**



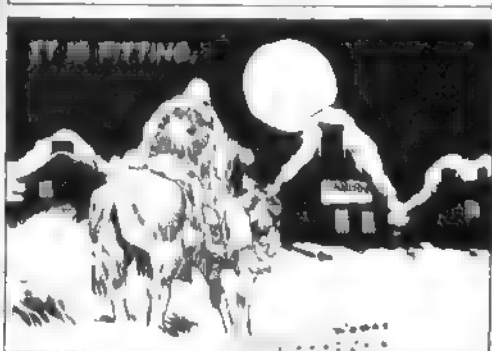
**CRUZ, GO HOME, IT'S COLD. YOU'VE A FIRE AND STEW WAITING, OLD FATHER, LET ME FIGHT YOUR WARS.**



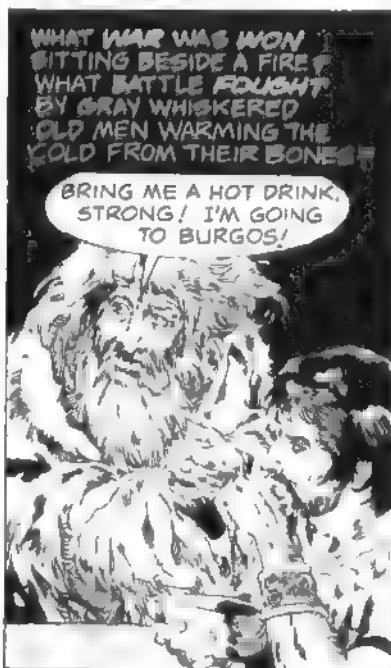
**YES, CID. I WOULD LIKE TO LET YOU FIGHT MY WARS... BUT GIVING COMFORT TO MY ENEMIES IS TREASON TO ME... AND MY KING!**



**IS IT NOT SAID THAT YOUNG MEN RIDE THEIR CHARIOTS TO WAR WHILE THE OLD MEN RIDE THEIR ARM CHAIRS?**

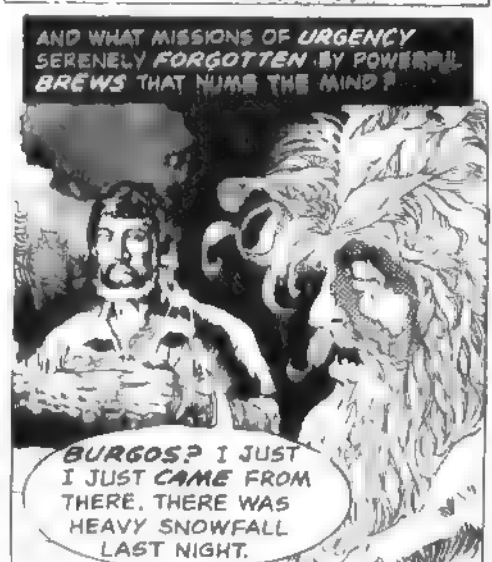


**IT IS FITTING.**



**WHAT WAR WAS WON SITTING BESIDE A FIRE? WHAT BATTLE FOUGHT BY GRAY WHISKERED OLD MEN WARMING THE COLD FROM THEIR BONES?**

**BRING ME A HOT DRINK, STRONG! I'M GOING TO BURGOS!**



**AND WHAT MISSIONS OF URGENCY SERENELY FORGOTTEN BY POWERFUL BREWS THAT NUMB THE MIND?**

**BURGOS? I JUST I JUST CAME FROM THERE. THERE WAS HEAVY SNOWFALL LAST NIGHT.**



**FOR THE YOUNG MEN FEEL NOT THE COLD, WHILE THE OLD STOP TO LOOK FOR HEARTNFIRE.**



IS THE KING THERE?

WHY? DID THE KING ASK YOU TO SUPPER?

I HAVE TO SPEAK WITH HIM



HEY, ALL OF YOU! HE HAS TO SPEAK TO THE KING! THIS ONE WILL GO TO COURT ON HIS MUDDY MULE! AND IN HIS GRIMY BRITCHES, WILL ASK TO SPEAK TO THE KING! YAHABA!



I WILL! I WILL! I'LL TELL THE KING THAT MY LORD, EL CID IS HIDING MOORISH EMIRS IN THE CASTLE OF VIVAR!



IT BREAKS MY HEART THAT DON RODRIGUEZ CONSORTS WITH ENEMIES OF GOD AND SPAIN... BUT 'TIS SO! EL CID IS A TRAITOR!

THIS... I WILL TELL THE KING!

AND THE KING WILL BELIEVE...



SNAP! ...YOU?

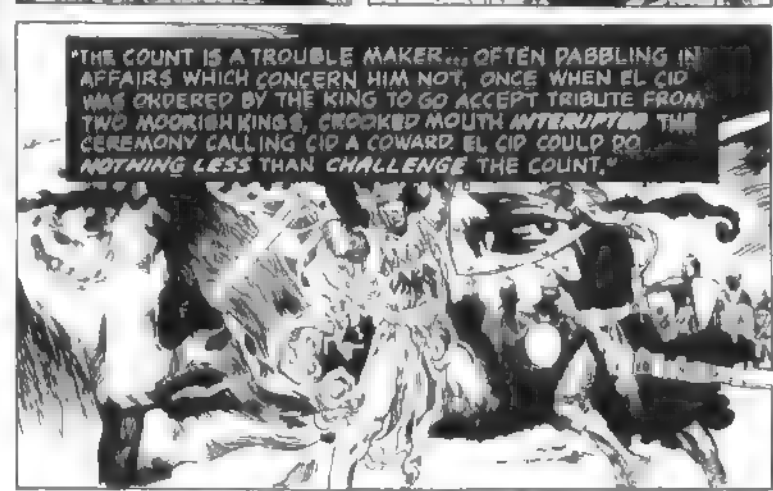
"CROOKED MOUTH!" OLD CROOKED MOUTH SHOULD HAVE BEEN GLAD CID IS ACCUSED OF TREASON. THE COUNT AND CID ARE BLOOD ENEMIES!



COUNT GARCIA ORDONEZ!!

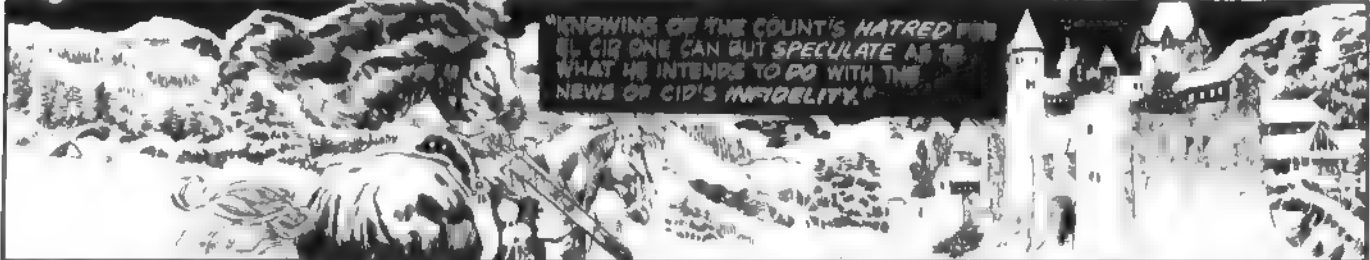


WHAT AN EVIL ONE! LIKE THE DEVIL HE IS!



"THE COUNT IS A TROUBLE MAKER... OFTEN DABBLING IN AFFAIRS WHICH CONCERN HIM NOT, ONCE WHEN EL CID WAS ORDERED BY THE KING TO GO ACCEPT TRIBUTE FROM TWO MOORISH KINGS, CROOKED MOUTH INTERRUPTED THE CEREMONY CALLING CID A COWARD EL CID COULD DO NOTHING LESS THAN CHALLENGE THE COUNT."





"...AND BEFORE THE SUN COMES UP THAT GRAIN HAS BECOME A HARVEST OF DANGEROUS, VINDICTIVE AND UGLY RUMORS WHICH CAN EVEN SCYTHE DOWN ONE SO GREAT AS EL CID, HIMSELF."





MEANWHILE,  
A NOBLE CID  
RIDES TO  
BURGOS, UN-  
AWARE OF  
ANY  
DANGER...

WHEN  
SUDDENLY...



IN  
CHRIST'S  
NAME!



WHAT MANNER  
OF FELL THING  
IS THIS?



AAARRRRRR!!



IF... IF YOU HAVE... A MASTER...  
TELL HIM YOU HAVE FOUND...  
CID! SAY... CID IS THE ONE  
WHO SLEW... YOU!



WHAT?!! MY  
ARMOR IS FROZEN!  
CAN'T MOV... UNNNN!



JESUSSSSSS!

MAJESTY, I HAVE BEEN CONSULTING MY MAGICIANS AND THEY TELL ME THAT EL CID WILL NOT DARE SHOW HIS FACE IN YOUR COURTS.

YET EVEN AS THE LIES SLIP FROM ORDONEZ'S CROOKED TONGUE, HE BEGINS TO BLEED AND WRITHE IN AGONY...

GOOD GOD, SAVE US! WHAT MAGIC IS THIS! ORDONEZ IS POSSESSED! SUMMON MY PHYSICIANS! HE'S BLEEDING TO DEATH!

YHAIEEEEE

BLEEDING TO DEATH BY HIS OWN TREACHERY AND MAGICKS. I HAVE COME, MY KING. CID IS HERE.

I COME AT YOUR SUMMONS. BUT A MILE FROM THE CASTLE I WAS ATTACKED BY A HIDEOUS DEMON. WE FOUGHT. I BROKE MY SWORD ON THE MONSTER.

LIAR! TRAITOR! YOU VILLIAN! BANISH THE TRAITOR! DRAW AND QUARTER THE TRAITOR! LIAR!

THEN SWEAR! SWEAR TO CHRIST YOUR BLESSED SAVIOR, THEN KISS THE HOLY CROSS! KISS IT!

YOU FILTHY TRAITOR! YOU SHALL DIE FOR THIS

YOU! CROOKED MOUTH! YOU CONJURED UP A MONSTER TO SET IN MY WAY!

TO KILL ME, TO KEEP FROM ANSWERING THE CHARGES THAT YOU BEGAN AGAINST ME! IT WAS YOUR MONSTER! YOURS!

NO! NO, I SWEAR IT'S ANOTHER LIE!

I... CANNOT!





WHAT'S **WRONG?**  
WHY CAN YOU  
**NOT** KISS THE  
HOLY CRUCIFIX?



FATHER? CAN YOU  
KISS THIS HOLY  
SYMBOL?

WITH  
HUMILITY  
AND LOVE.



I CAN **ALSO**, CID!  
AND WITH **PRIDE**

THE KING EVEN  
HUMBLES TO THE  
SIGN OF GOD...



... BUT YOU CANNOT!  
WHAT MONSTER DOES  
QUAIL FROM THE HOLI-  
NESS OF THE CROSS?

WHAT  
MONSTER,  
CROOKED  
MOUTH?  
KISS IT!

**NOOOO!**  
GET AWAY  
FROM--!



AND WHAT OF YOUR  
**EYE**, CROOKED MOUTH?  
WHAT **SMOTE** YOU?

IN THE NAME OF  
GOD, CASTILE AND  
THE KING...



I DELIVER YOUR SOUL  
FOR JUDGEMENT. .!

**SLASH!**



MAJESTY, FORGIVE ME  
AND **HEAR** ME. LISTEN  
TO MY PLEA. FOR I  
LOVE YOU...!

**SPEAK** TO  
ME THEN,  
RODRIGUEZ



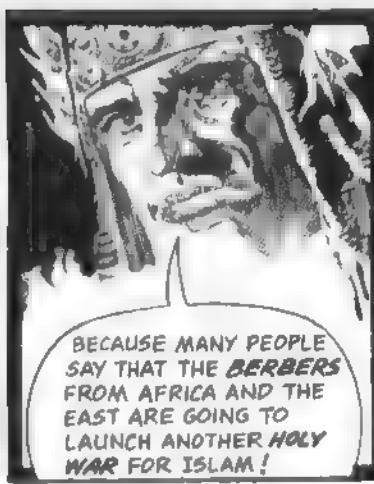
IT IS TRUE THAT I  
HOUSE SEVERAL **MOORISH**  
**EMIRS** IN MY FATHER'S  
HOUSE. I DEFEATED THEM  
IN COMBAT. THEY WERE  
**LORDS... NOBLEMEN!**  
THUS I GRANTED THEM  
THE **RESPECT** OF THOSE  
BORN **NOBLE**.

I THINK I  
**UNDERSTAND**.  
GO ON.



THESE MOORS ARE **POWERFUL**. TO KILL THEM WOULD ACCOMPLISH **NOTHING**. BUT SAVE THEIR LIVES, TREAT THEM AS HUMAN BEINGS, AND WE MAY WELL GAIN **ALLIES**!

WHY DO WE **NEED ALLIES**?



BECAUSE MANY PEOPLE SAY THAT THE **BERBERS** FROM AFRICA AND THE EAST ARE GOING TO LAUNCH ANOTHER **HOLY WAR** FOR ISLAM!



THIS MENACE MIGHT **ANNIHILATE** THE **WHOLE COUNTRY** AND ALL OF **CHRISTIANITY**.



IF WE **BEFRIEND** THE MOORS, THEY WON'T JOIN THE **BERBERS**, BUT **US** INSTEAD. **WHY?** THE MOORS WERE BORN ON THE **SAME** EARTH AS **WE**. BREATHE THE **SAME AIR**. THEY **CHERISH** SPAIN AS **WE** **CHERISH** IT. THEY LOVE THE **ARTS** AND **SCIENCES**... **NOT** **DESTRUCTION**.

THEY HAVE **MUCH** TO PASS DOWN TO THEIR **CHILDREN**. THEY ARE **NO** DIFFERENT THAN **WE**, EXCEPT THEIR **SKIN** IS **DARKER**, AND THEY CALL **GOD** BY A **DIFFERENT NAME**.

WE SHALL BE A **UNITED SPAIN**. AND IT WILL BEGIN WITH **ME**.



GOD **BLESS** YOU, RODRIGUEZ. YOU BEAR **NO GUILT**.

BUT **TELL** ME, HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT **CROOKED MOUTH** INVENTED THAT **DEMON** TO **STOP** YOU FROM **COMING**?



A **CONJURER** PUTS HIS **DARK SOUL** INTO HIS **CREATIONS**. THUS DID **CROOKED MOUTH**. I **SLEW** THE **BEAST** WITH A **DAGGER** THROUGH THE **EYE**. AT THE **MOMENT** OF **THRUST**, **ORDONEZ** FELL WITH A **BLOODY SOCKET**.



THE **BEAST**, **CROOKED MOUTH** WAS **VANQUISHED**. A **GREAT ENEMY** AT **END**. YET THE **GREATEST ENEMIES** OF **SPAIN** AND **EL CID** YET **WAIT** **BEYOND** **TOMORROW'S HORIZON**.

THE BEAST'S LOATHSOME PUSS-GREEN TENTACLES SLITHERED OVER, THEN CRUSHED THE GLASS VIEWING SCREEN OF THE LOST SPACE VESSEL. AIR EXPLODED OUTWARD, SUCKING THE BLOOD-PULP JELLY THAT WAS ONCE THE SHIP'S CREW MEMBERS INTO SPACE'S IGY BLACKNESS!"

"SLOWLY, METICULOUSLY, THE SLIME TENTACLES GRASPED, OZZING TOWARDS THE BUBBLING HUMAN MEAT, DRAWING EVER CLOSER, CLOSER WITH ITS CRUSHING MAW!"

"THEN SUDDENLY, SEEMINGLY OUT OF NOWHERE, BURST BUCK BLASTER AND THE BEAUTIFUL THELMA STARBUST! WHIPPING HIS GRISLY GAMMA GUN FROM THE MOCK ALLIGATOR SKIN HOLSTER IN HIS RED PAISELY FIGHT SUIT, BUCK LEVELED IT DEAD CENTER BETWEEN WHAT HE MISTAKENLY TOOK FOR THE CREATURE'S BULBOUS EYES! AND FIRED!"

FZZZZAP  
TWAPP!  
TINK!  
TINK!

"IT WAS OVER! A STARRY-EYED THELMA PRESSED TIGHTLY AGAINST BUCK'S MANLY BUT HAIRLESS CHEST AND COOED, 'MY HERO! ONCE AGAIN YOU'VE SAVED MAN-KIND FROM BECOMING INTERSTELLAR GROUND ROUND!'"

STILL DOWNING  
YOUR SATURDAY  
MORNING "FABLUM"  
EH, LEROY?

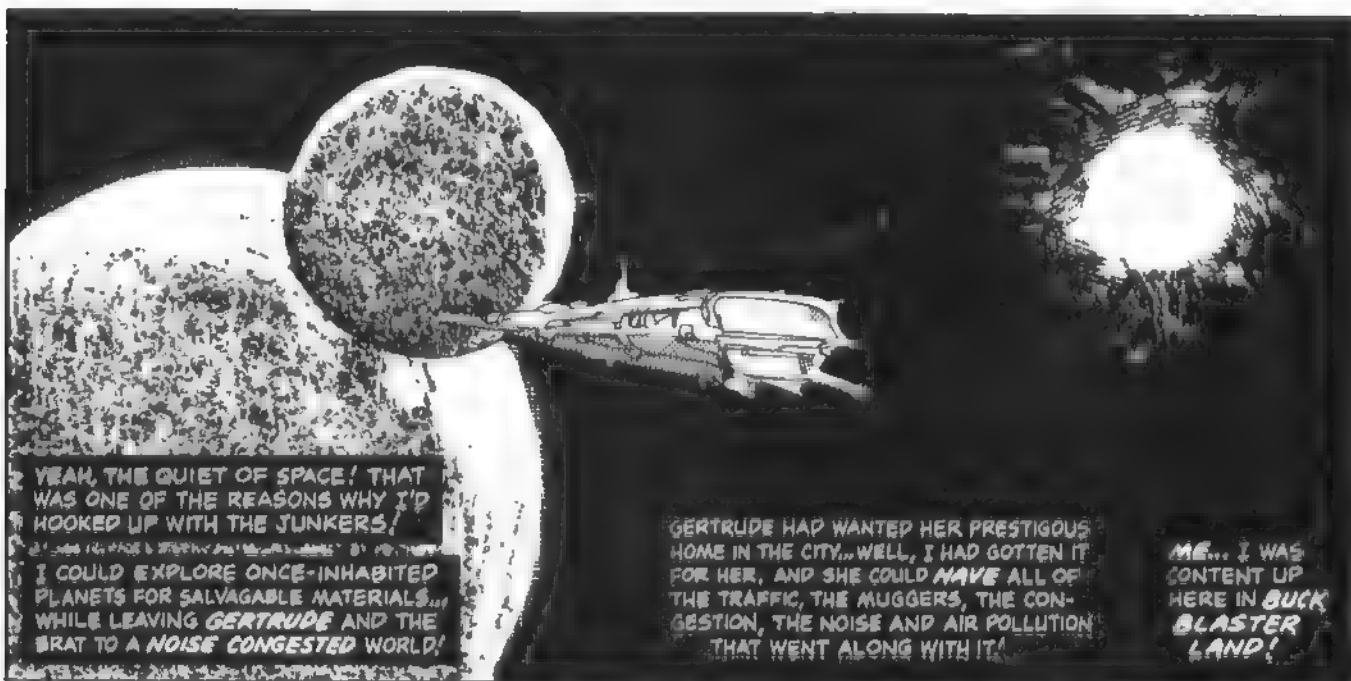
AW, PRUNIE! THIS  
IS THE AMOROUS ADVEN-  
TURES OF BUCK BLASTER! YOU  
KNOW IT'S MY FAVORITE SHOW! THE  
TRANSMISSION FROM EARTH MAY BE A  
LITTLE FUZZY, BUT OTHER THAN  
THAT, IT'S A GREAT  
SERIES!

I HATE TO  
INTERRUPT YOUR  
AFFAIR WITH BUCK  
BLASTER, LEROY, BUT  
THE SKIPPER WANTS US TO  
REPORT TO OPERATIONS.  
WE'RE NEARING  
A JUNKYARD.

THE SKIPPER! OLD RELIABLE BULL SHUTTERS! HASSLING ME ON CUE! IT HAPPENED EVERY TIME BUCK BLASTER CAME ON THE TUBE! ENJOYING BUCK'S SERIES WAS THE ONE THING THE OLD MAN AND I HAD IN COMMON, AND HE TOOK A SADISTIC DELIGHT IN ASSIGNING ME DUTIES WHILE THE SHOW WAS IN PROGRESS!

TIMES LIKE THESE, I WAS SORRY I'D EVER SIGNED ONTO THE MOTHER JUNKER! AFTER ALL, IF A GUY COULDN'T ENJOY A GOOD SPACE SERIES IN THE CALM OF DEEP SPACE, WHERE COULD ONE ENJOY IT?

# OOGIE and the JUNKERS



YEAH, THE QUIET OF SPACE! THAT WAS ONE OF THE REASONS WHY I'D HOOKED UP WITH THE JUNKERS!

I COULD EXPLORE ONCE-INHABITED PLANETS FOR SALVAGABLE MATERIALS... WHILE LEAVING GERTRUDE AND THE BRAT TO A NOISE CONGESTED WORLD!

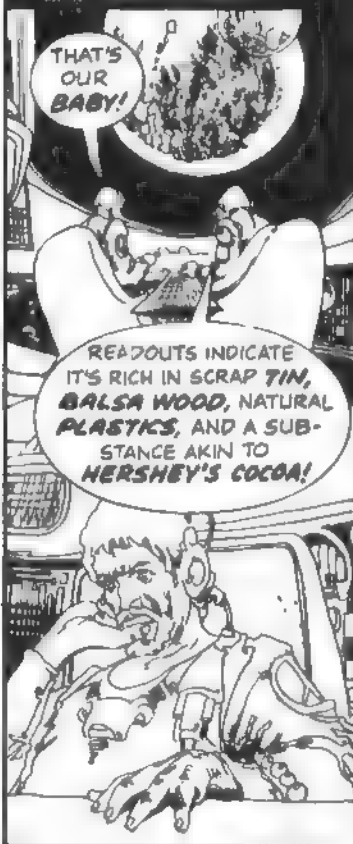
GERTRUDE HAD WANTED HER PRESTIGIOUS HOME IN THE CITY... WELL, I HAD GOTTEN IT FOR HER, AND SHE COULD HAVE ALL OF THE TRAFFIC, THE MUGGERS, THE CONGESTION, THE NOISE AND AIR POLLUTION THAT WENT ALONG WITH IT!

ME... I WAS CONTENT UP HERE IN **BUCK BLASTER LAND!**

A JUNKER'S PAY WAS GOOD! BUT THEN IT HAD TO BE TO SUPPORT GERTRUDE!

THE HOURS WERE DOWNRIGHT CRIMINAL! WE HAD TO WORK ABOUT THREE ACTUAL HOURS PER WEEK, EXPLORING PLANETS, PLANETOIDS, PLANETETTES!

THE REST OF THE TIME WE WERE IN-TRANSIT, PICKING LINT FROM OUR BELLY-BUTTONS AND WATCHING THE SHIP RUN ITSELF!



IN-FLIGHT, I SPENT A LOT OF TIME READING **BUCK BLASTER** PAPERBOOKS AND LISTENING TO **BUCK BLASTER** CASSETTES!

I'VE READ ALL SIXTY-TWO **BUCK BLASTER** NOVELS, COLLECTED AN ENTIRE SET OF **BUCK BLASTER** COMIC CASSETTES, AND HAD A REPLICA OF THE OFFICIAL **BUCK BLASTER** FLIGHT SUIT AND SECRET DECODER RING!

YOU MIGHT SAY I WAS A **BUCK BLASTER** FREAKIE!

BUT NEXT TO **BUCK** AND THE EFFERVESCENT **THELMA STARBUST**, THE OTHER PASSION IN MY LIFE WAS **PRUNELLA McSHATTERS**, MY SHIP-MATE!



THE **JUNKER CHIEFS** HAD LONG AGO INITIATED THE POLICY OF ISSUING CREW MEMBERS AN IN-FLIGHT MATE OF THE OPPOSITE SEX!

IT ELIMINATES SLOPPY EMOTIONAL COMPLICATIONS AND THE USUAL MASCULINE OR FEMININE COURTING RITUALS WHICH SO OFTEN DISRUPT A SHIP'S QUIETUDE ON LENGTHY MISSIONS!

THIS WAS MY SECOND OUTING WITH **PRUNIE** AS MY SHIP-MATE! SHE WASN'T A **BUCK BLASTER** FREAK, BUT WELL, DID SHE HAVE A BODY!

**GERTRUDE** DIDN'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT **PRUNIE** OR THE JUNKER'S COHABITATION POLICY! BUT THEN, **GERTRUDE** DIDN'T UNDERSTAND MUCH OF ANYTHING!



ACTUALLY, **GERTRUDE** WAS AN AWFUL LOT LIKE MY SKIPPER, OLD BULL SHUTTERS. SHE WAS A LOT PRETTIER IN THE FACE, BUT JUST AS STUBBORN IN THE MEAD! SHE TOO, RECEIVED A CERTAIN SADISTIC PLEASURE FROM TAKING ME AWAY FROM THE **BUCK BLASTER** PROGRAM!

**BUCK'S** IN FINE FORM, B.S. BUT THAT PUSS-GREEN SLIME CREATURE IS A LITTLE HARD TO SWALLOW, DON'T YOU THINK?

WELL... ER--!



BUT I'D LEARNED LONG AGO THAT I COULD CATCH EITHER OF THEM OFF GUARD BY DOING OR SAYING EXACTLY THE OPPOSITE OF WHAT I MEANT!





HONESTLY! BOTH OF YOU TALK ABOUT THAT **BOOB-TUBE BOOZ** AS IF HE WERE A **REAL PERSON**.

PRUNIE'S STILL AN **UNBELIEVER**, B.S.! BUT GIVE ME A FEW MORE MONTHS! I'LL **CONVERT** HER! I'VE ALREADY ORDERED HER AN OFFICIAL **BUCK BLASTER** NIGHTIE...

...SHOULD BE **READY** WHEN WE GET **HOME**!

MEANWHILE, WHAT'S THE **GAS**, B.S.?



GOT A JUNKYARD FOR YOU, LEROY! A PLANET RICH IN DECOMPOSED **MANUFACTURATES**! METALS! SYNTHETICS! THE **WORKS**!

SCANNERS SHOW MINOR LIFE FORMS... NO CREATURES WITH **INDUSTRIAL ABILITIES**! APPARENTLY ANOTHER OF THOSE CIVILIZATIONS THAT JUST **BURNED THEMSELVES OUT**!

SCOUT DOWN AND SEE IF YOU CAN DREDGE UP ANYTHING **SALVAGABLE**!

DESPITE HIS SADISTIC TENDANCIES, **BULL SHUTTERS** WAS A GOOD SKIPPER! HE BROUGHT BACK **TONS** OF SALVAGE EACH TRIP! SOME OF IT PROVING EXCEEDINGLY **PROFITABLE** WHEN SOLD TO NEEDY NATIONS LIKE **CHINO-RUSSIA** OR THE **INTER-AMERICAS**!



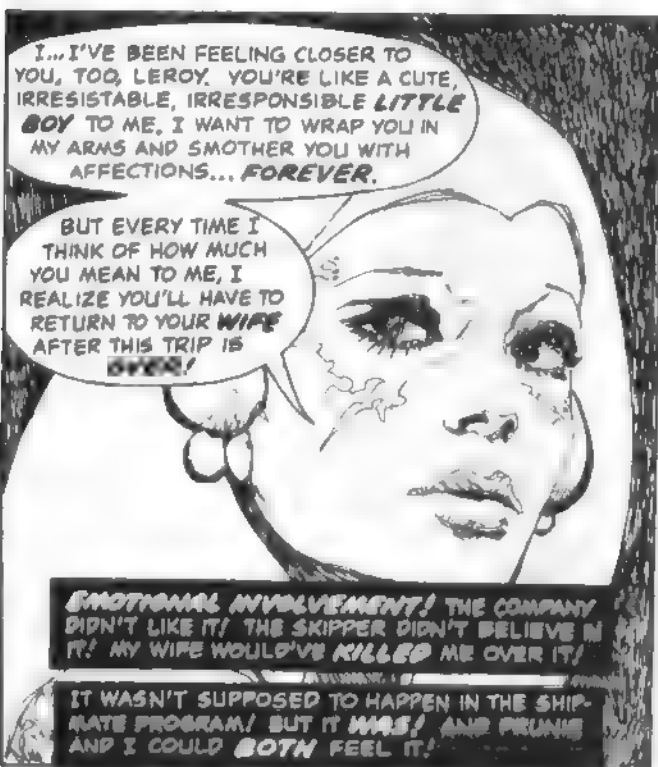
IF THIS TRIP'S A **QUICKIE**, MAYBE YOU'N I COULD DO A LITTLE **NUMBIE PAMBIN'** AROUND TONIGHT, PRUNIE!



SOMETIMES I WONDER, LEROY, WHO YOU THINK ABOUT **MORE**... ME, **BUCK BLASTER** OR YOUR WIFE.

**GERTRUDE'S** OUT OF THE RUNNING, LOVER!

IT'S USUALLY A **TOSSUP** BETWEEN YOU'N **BUCK**! BUT LATELY YOU'VE BEEN ON THE **INSIDE TRACK**!

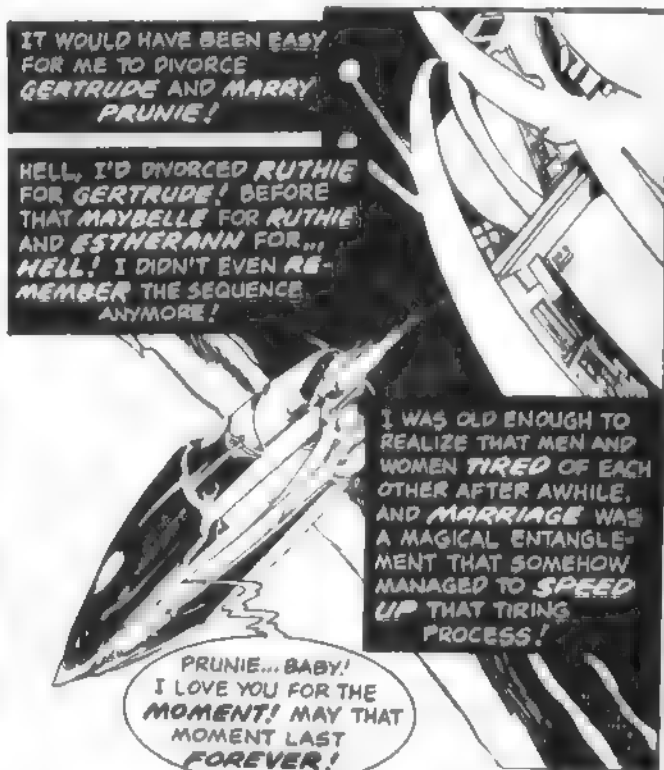


I... I'VE BEEN FEELING CLOSER TO YOU, TOO, LEROY. YOU'RE LIKE A CUTE, IRRESISTABLE **LITTLE BOY** TO ME, I WANT TO WRAP YOU IN MY ARMS AND SMOTHER YOU WITH AFFECTIONS... **FOREVER**.

BUT EVERY TIME I THINK OF HOW MUCH YOU MEAN TO ME, I REALIZE YOU'LL HAVE TO RETURN TO YOUR WIFE AFTER THIS TRIP IS **OVER**!

**EMOTIONAL INVOLVEMENT!** THE COMPANY DIDN'T LIKE IT! THE SKIPPER DIDN'T BELIEVE IN IT! MY WIFE WOULD'VE **KILLED** ME OVER IT!

IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN IN THE **SHIP-MATE** PROGRAM! BUT IT **WAS**! AND PRUNIE AND I COULD **BOTH** FEEL IT!



IT WOULD HAVE BEEN EASY FOR ME TO DIVORCE **GERTRUDE** AND MARRY **PRUNIE**!

HELL, I'D DIVORCED **RUTHIE** FOR **GERTRUDE**! BEFORE THAT **MAYBELLE** FOR **RUTHIE** AND **ESTHERANN** FOR... **HELL!** I DIDN'T EVEN REMEMBER THE SEQUENCE ANYMORE!

I WAS OLD ENOUGH TO REALIZE THAT MEN AND WOMEN **TIED** OF EACH OTHER AFTER AWHILE, AND **MARRIAGE** WAS A MAGICAL ENTANGLEMENT THAT SOMEHOW MANAGED TO **SPEED UP** THAT TIRING PROCESS!

PRUNIE... BABY! I LOVE YOU FOR THE **MOMENT**! MAY THAT MOMENT LAST **FOREVER**!

I GUESS I WAS JUST A ROMANTIC... AN IDEALIST! I HAD LOVED GENUINELY LOVED... MORE WOMEN IN MY FEW YEARS AT IT, THAN ANY MAN SHOULD HAVE BEEN ALLOWED! AND I MADE THE MISTAKE OF MARRYING ALL MY LOVERS!

I LOVED PRUNIE NOW! I'D FELT MY LOVE GROWING SINCE OUR VERY FIRST NIGHT TOGETHER!

YET I WONDERED HOW LONG OUR LOVE WOULD LAST AFTER WE STEPPED OFF THE ALTER.

I GLADLY WOULD HAVE TRADED MY MARRIAGE WITH GERTRUDE FOR A LIFETIME WITH PRUNELLA!

IN MOMENTS OF TROUBLED THOUGHT, I TURNED TO BUCK BLASTER AND IMAGINED WHAT HE WOULD DO IN A SIMILAR SITUATION!

BUT BUCK COULDN'T HELP ME HERE! FOR I REMEMBERED THE PERFECT INTERGALACTIC ADVENTURER HAD THELMA STARBUST, THE PERFECT INTERGALACTIC ADVENTURESS! WHY NEED HE EVER EVEN CONTEMPLATE MARRIAGE?

TOUCHDOWN, LEROY. WE'RE IN THE JUNK-YARD.

ONCE ON THE PLANET, I FORGOT ALL ABOUT MARRIAGE AND LOVE!

THE PLACE WAS BEAUTIFUL! THE PERFECT GARDEN OF EDEN! A FANTASIA! I COULD SEE NO VISIBLE SIGNS OF SCAVENGE ANYWHERE! ONLY A PLANET OF MYSTICAL CHARM! IT WAS LIKE A SET STRAIGHT FROM THE BUCK BLASTER SHOW!

I GLANCED OVER MY SHOULDER TO COMMENT TO PRUNIE ON THE WONDERMENT... BUT I DID A DOUBLE-TAKE AS I SAW HER IN PLANET'S DULL BLUE LIGHT!

BEFORE I COULD SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THE PHENOMENA, HOWEVER, PRUNIE POINTED OUT AN EVEN MORE STARTLING ENIGMA....!

T-THAT SMELL. I-IT'S UNBELIEVABLE. LIKE... LIKE HOT COCOA.

AN ENTIRE OCEAN OF NATURAL HOT CHOCOLATE.

T-THAT'S ABSURD! IMPOSSIBLE! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THIS IN REAL LIFE! ONLY ON--!

ONLY ON WHAT, LEROY? AND DON'T SAY WHAT I THINK YOU'RE GOING TO SAY!

BUCK BLASTER ONCE FOUGHT THE MELTING MARSH-MELLOW MEN OF MUNGO ON AN OCEAN OF HOT COCOA!

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO SAY!

UH OH, DON'T LOOK NOW...

...BUT I THINK MORE OF YOUR HERO'S BUDDIES ARE COMING.

I-IT'S THE TERRIBLE TENTACLED PUSS-GREEN SLIME CREATURE... STRAIGHT OUT OF THE SHOW I SAW THIS MORNING!

SOMEHOW, THE STRANGE DARK ATMOSPHERE MADE HER LOOK LIKE THELMA STARBUST!



LEROY, IT'S CHANGING, **MELTING**, EMITTING A FOUL ODOR... LIKE... LIKE...

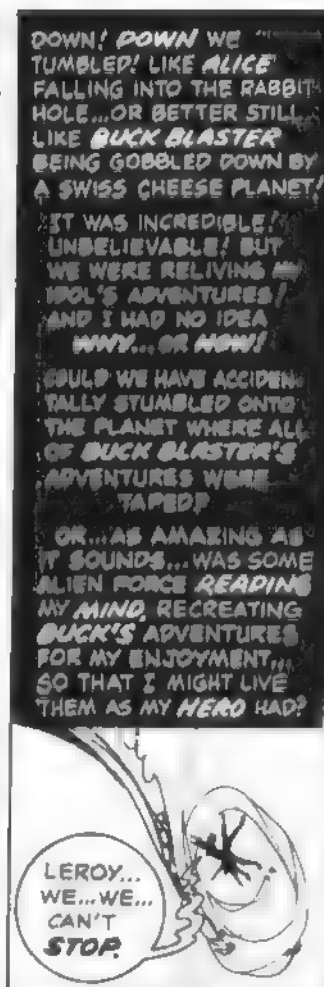
...**CHEESE**.

STRAIGHT OUT OF **BUCK'S ADVENTURES ON THE DAIRY WORLD OF FUNGO...**



...WHERE THE **LIDDER BRUNPERS** TURNED THE VERY GROUND UNDER **BUCK'S** FEET INTO **MOLTEN SWISS CHEESE!**

OUR HERO WAS SWALLOWED **WHOLE** INTO THE **BOWELS** OF THE PLANET!



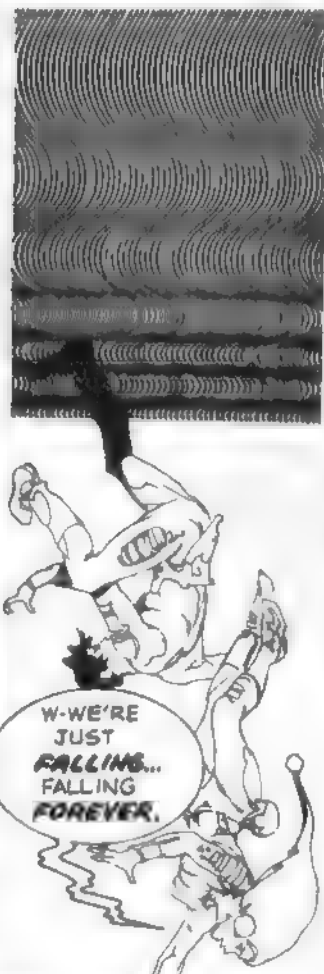
**DOWN! DOWN WE TUMBLED! LIKE ALICE FALLING INTO THE RABBIT HOLE... OR BETTER STILL, LIKE BUCK BLASTER BEING GOBBLED DOWN BY A SWISS CHEESE PLANET!**

IT WAS **INCREDIBLE! UNBELIEVABLE!** BUT WE WERE RELIVING **MY** IDOL'S ADVENTURES! AND I HAD NO IDEA **WHY... OR HOW!**

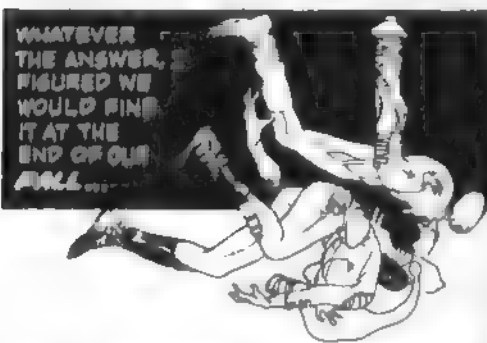
**COULD WE HAVE ACCIDENTALLY STUMBLED ONTO THE PLANET WHERE ALL OF BUCK BLASTER'S ADVENTURES WERE TAPED?**

OR... AS AMAZING AS IT SOUNDS... WAS SOME **ALIEN FORCE READING MY MIND**, RECREATING **BUCK'S ADVENTURES** FOR MY ENJOYMENT... SO THAT I MIGHT LIVE THEM AS MY **HERO** HAD?

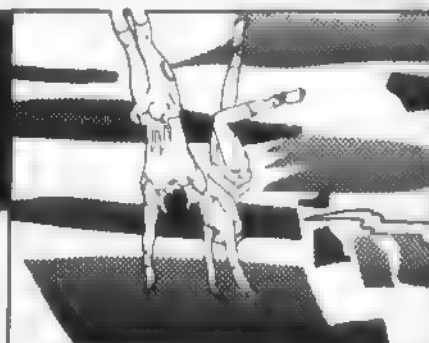
LEROY... WE... WE... CAN'T **STOP**.



W-WE'RE JUST **FALLING... FALLING FOREVER.**



WHATEVER THE ANSWER, I FIGURED WE WOULD FIND IT AT THE END OF OUR **FALL...**



...OR BE **DASHED ABOUT AND CRUSHED** WORSE THAN THE **BLOOD-PULPED JELLY MEN** I'D SEEN ON THE VIDEO TUBE EARLIER IN THE DAY!

THERE'S THE **GROUND, BABY!** AND IT'S COMING UP **FAST!**



OUR **SPLAT DOWN** WAS REMINISCENT OF **BUCK BLASTER'S** LANDING WHEN THE **HIDEOUS HERO-GOBLINS OF WUWISO** SENT HIM HURLING THROUGH SPACE... ONLY TO **SPLASH** SAFELY ON A PLANETOID OF PURE **SPONGE!** VERY **WET PURE SPONGE.**

WE **BOUNCED** RESILIENTLY ON THE **SPONGY SURFACE** FOR WHAT SEEMED LIKE **DAYS** BEFORE WE CAME TO A **DIZZING HALT!**

AND THEN, AS I WAS FORCING MY **STOMACH** OUT OF MY **THROAT**, BACK TO WHERE IT BELONGED... I **SAW** IT...! **HIM...!**

HOLY GEEZ!

I-IT'S OOGIE FINGER, THE AMAZING AMOEBA MAN OF LUNGO!

Y-YOU KNOW ME, EARTH MAN? YOU HAVE SEEN THIS GUISE BEFORE?

ARE YOU KIDDING? EVERY BUCK BLASTER FAN KNOWS THE ICKY OOGIE FINGER?

PRaise BE! THEN YOU ARE A FOLLOWER ALSO! EARTH MAN, I HAVE PRAYED TO THE GREAT ADVERTISING GODS OF THE AIRWAYS TO SEND ME A BELIEVER!

I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS. W-WHAT'S GOING ON?

POOR PRUNIE! NOT BEING A BUCK BLASTER FREAKIE, SHE HAD NO IDEA WHAT WAS COMING DOWN! FOR THAT MATTER, NEITHER DID I! BUT SHE MUST HAVE BEEN SCARED OUT OF HER SOUND!

I AM NOT REALLY THE EVIL SCIENTIST YOU BELIEVE ME TO BE! MY NAME IS KIL GORE TROWT! I AM THE LIFE FORCE OF THIS PLANET... THE SOLE LIVING BEING ON THIS WORLD!

FOR EONS, I BELIEVED MYSELF TO BE THE ONLY LIVING CREATURE IN THE UNIVERSE! BUT THEN... THREE OF YOUR EARTHLY VIDEO SEASONS AGO, I BEGAN MONITORING STRANGE BROADCASTS FROM YOUR WORLD! VIDEO BROADCASTS!

THE AMOROUS ADVENTURES OF BUCK BLASTER, IN PARTICULAR!

I MONITORED THE SHOWS AVIDLY! THOUGH YOUR EARTH TRANSMISSIONS WERE FUZZY, I SOON BECAME A FAN AND YEARNED FOR OTHERS LIKE MYSELF, TO SHARE IN BUCK BLASTER'S EXPLOITS!

GEEZ! NO KIDDIN'?

YOU SEE, I HAVE THE CAPABILITY OF CONTROLLING THE ELEMENTS OF THIS PLANET! I CAN ALTER MY WORLD TO ANY FORM... ANY SHAPE I PLEASE!

I CAN CREATE ARTIFICIAL LIFE! I CAN CREATE SETS AND CHARACTERS AND EXTRAS... JUST LIKE THOSE ON THE BUCK BLASTER SHOW!

HOLY FISHBONES! IT'S THE MALICIOUS MEMBRANE MEN OF DUNGO!

LEROY.

AND NOW... WITH YOU HERE, MY FRIENDS, I DON'T HAVE TO WAIT ONCE A WEEK TO MONITOR MY FAVORITE SERIES!

WITH YOU, I CAN ENJOY BUCK BLASTER ADVENTURES OVER AND OVER... EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK!

UH... OOGIE, WE REALLY CAN'T STAY!

Y'SEE, PRUNIE AND I HAD PLANS FOR TONIGHT AND--!

LEEEEROOY! HEEEEEELLLP!



AT LAST I WILL HAVE SOMEONE TO **PLAY** WITH! SOMEONE WITH WHOM TO SHARE **BUCK BLASTER'S** ADVENTURES! YOU, LEROY, WILL BE **BUCK BLASTER!** AND YOUR WOMAN WILL BECOME **THELMA STARBUST!**

BUT FIRST WE MUST REMOVE YOUR RIDICULOUS **CLOTHING!** **BUCK BLASTER** WOULD NEVER APPROVE OF ANYTHING SO... SO... **ORDINARY!**

UH...**OOGIE!** I KNOW THIS IS THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFE-TIME FOR US, BUT WE'VE GOT A **JOB** TO DO! WE'RE **JUNKERS,** Y'SEE... AND UH... OUR **SHIP** IS --!

**LEEEEROOOOY!**  
I'M BEING **MOLESTED!**

IF YOU EVER WANT TO PARTAKE OF MY AFFECTIONS AGAIN, YOU'LL GET ME **OUT** OF HERE!

\*DON'T BE CONCERNED OVER YOUR **SHIP!** EVEN NOW IT IS BEING **CHEWED** INTO **SCRAP** BY THE SAME FEROCIUS FIENDS WHO PLAGUED **BUCK** AND **THELMA** IN THE CASE OF THE **BURSTING BUBBLEGUM ASTEROID!**

\*AS FOR YOUR MOTHER **SHIP,** THE **MOTHER JUNKER,** THEY CAN ONLY ASSUME THAT YOU AND YOUR WOMAN HAVE **PERISHED!** THEY WILL LEAVE YOU WITH ME... **FOREVER!**

SKIPPER, COME **QUICK.** L-LOOK AT THE SCANNERS. THE **GARBAGE TRUCK** IS BEING DESTROYED... **EATEN** BY UNBELIEVABLE CREATURES

AND WHAT'S SO **UN-BELIEVABLE** ABOUT THE **MALICIOUS METAL MUNCHERS** OF **BUNGOP** WHY ONLY LAST WEEK I SAW THEM CHOMP AN ENTIRE **FLEET--!**

B-BUT, B.S.!!

BUT **NOTHING!** IF LEROY AND PRUNIE WERE ATTACKED BY **THOSE** DEVILS, THERE'S NOTHING LEFT OF THEM! NOT EVEN **SCRAP!**

THEY'RE THE FIRST **JUNKERS** TO BE **LOST** IN THE LINE OF DUTY! BUT THEIR DEATHS WILL NOT BE IN **VAIN!** WE MUST TELL THE CHIEF **JUNKERS** TO PLACE THIS PLANET **OFF LIMITS!**

IT IS TOO DANGEROUS EVEN TO BE **EXPLORED!**

WE MAY HAVE LOST TWO **JUNKERS** AND AN OCEAN OF NATURAL **HERSHEY'S COCOA...** BUT WE'VE GAINED **INVALUABLE KNOWLEDGE!**

HOW'S THAT **B.S.?**

WE NOW KNOW FOR CERTAIN THAT THE **MALICIOUS METAL MUNCHERS** OF **BUNGOP** ARE NOT THE FIGMENTS OF A VIDEO WRITER'S **IMAGINATION!**

IT GIVES US **HOPE** THAT SOMEWHERE IN THAT VAST SEA OF NOTHINGNESS, THE **REAL BUCK BLASTER** MAY TRULY **EXIST!**

SO THE MOTHER JUNKER LEFT US THERE. STARK NAKED ON AN ALIEN PLANET SOMEWHERE ON THE OUTER-MOST VIDEO RECEPTION AREA OF THE UNIVERSE!

AND ALL WE HAD FOR COMPANY WAS A PLAYFUL LIFE-FORCE WHO WANTED TO DO NOTHING BUT BE BUCK BLASTER'S EVIL ARCH ENEMY!

YOU LOOK TIRED, LEROY... I MEAN, BUCK! WHY DON'T YOU AND THELMA RELAX BEFORE WE BEGIN OUR NEXT ADVENTURE!

GEE! THANKS, OOGIE! WE'D LIKE THAT!

IT'S TAKEN PRUNIE... I MEAN THELMA A WHILE TO ADJUST TO HER NEW SURROUNDINGS! TO ADJUST TO THE CONTINUAL PLAYFULNESS OF MY GORE! OOGIE IN ENACTING OUT BUCK'S ADVENTURES!

AT FIRST, SHE WANTED ME TO OFFER OOGIE MY ENTIRE COLLECTION OF BUCK BLASTER CASSETTES, ALL SIXTY-TWO BUCK BLASTER NOVELS, AND MY OFFICIAL BUCK BLASTER DECODER RING IN EXCHANGE FOR A TICKET ON THE FIRST FREIGHTER TO EARTH!

SHE EVEN OFFERED TO THROW IN HER BUCK BLASTER NIGHTIE!



BUT I EXPLAINED THAT NO SINCERE BUCK BLASTER FREAKIE WOULD TRADE HIS CODE RING FOR ANYTHING!

SO THELMA HAS ACCEPTED HER FATE! IN FACT, EXCEPT FOR AN OCCASSIONAL TINGE OF HOMESICKNESS, SHE EVEN ENJOYS IT HERE!

SHE'S BLOSSOMED INTO A FULL FLEDGED BUCK BLASTER FREAKIE LIKE ME AND OOGIE!



AS FOR OOGIE... THE GUY HAS THE POTENTIAL TO BE A GOD IF HE WANTED CREATING THIS OVER HERE, ALTERING THAT OVER THERE...

IT BAWNED ON ME THAT THELMA AND I ARE LIKE AN ADAM AND EVE IN THE GARDEN OF OOGIE!

I ASKED OOGIE IF HE KNEW HOW TO DO AN APPLE TREE! HE JUST SHRUGGED AND SAID, "NO, BUT DO YOU WANNA SEE A MELTING MARSHMALLOW MAN OF MUNGO?"



JUST AS WELL!

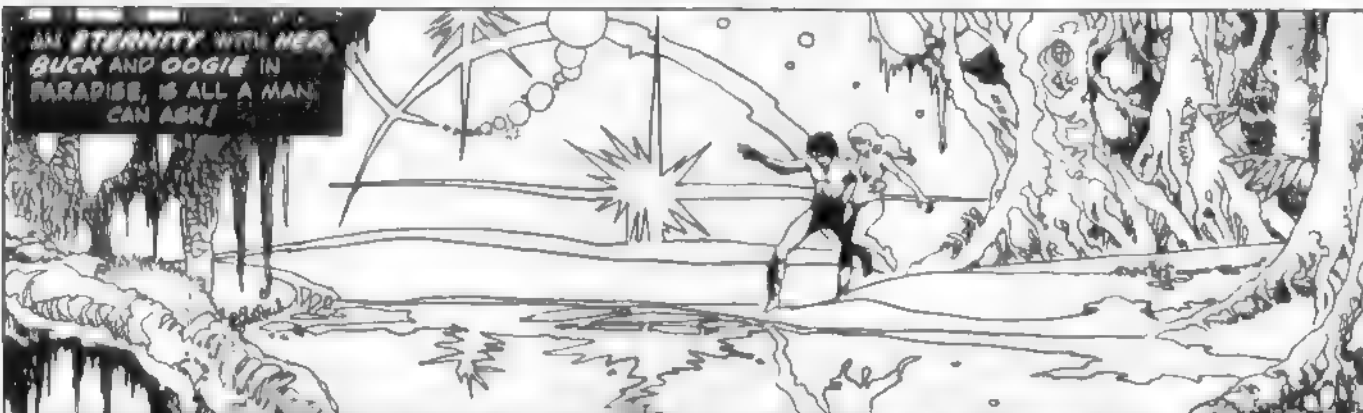
OOGIE TREATS US GOOD! OUR LIFE WITH HIM COULDN'T BE BETTER! IT'S A PARADISE! A PLAYLAND! IT'S THE WAY MAN WAS MEANT TO LIVE, WITH NONE OF THE NOISE, HASSELS OR MATERIALISM OF OLD EARTH!

I DON'T MISS GERTRUDE OR THE KID! THEY'LL BE WELL PROVIDED FOR, I KNOW! SOME POOR BOZO WILL DIVORCE A PERFECTLY GOOD WIFE, MARRY GERTRUDE, AND BOOGIE OFF INTO SPACE SO SHE CAN BUY NEW CARS, NEW HOUSES AND A FACE-LIFT EVERY OTHER YEAR!



ME... I'VE FOUND MY TRUE LOVE! PRUNIE/THELMA!

ALL ETERNITY WITH HER, BUCK AND OOGIE IN PARADISE, IS ALL A MAN CAN ASK!



AND IT WILL REMAIN A PARADISE, I KNOW...UNTIL SOME CLOWN COMES ALONG AND INVENTS MARRIAGE! WHEN THAT DAY COMES, I JUST MIGHT DONATE A RIB AND ASK OOGIE TO CONJURE ME UP A SHAPELY LITTLE REDHEAD!

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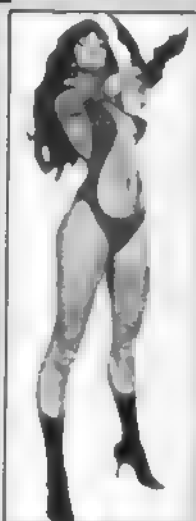
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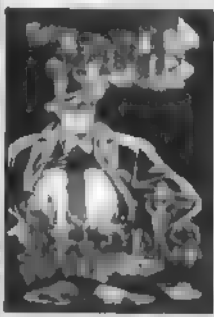
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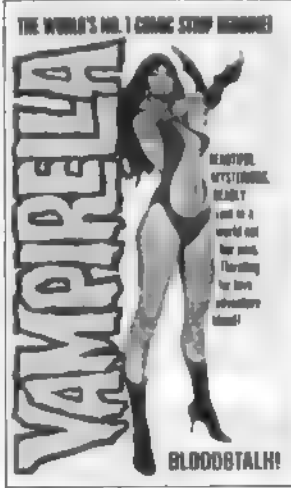
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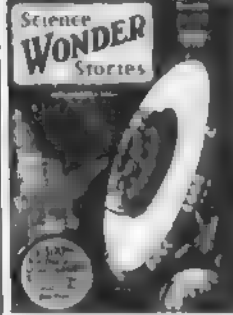


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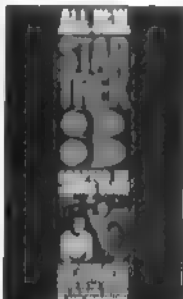
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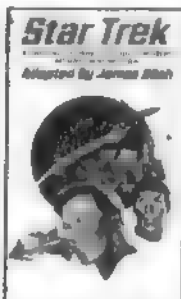
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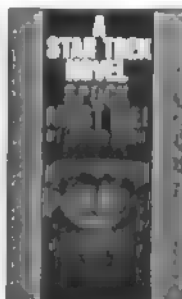
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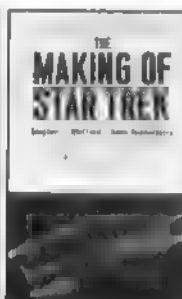
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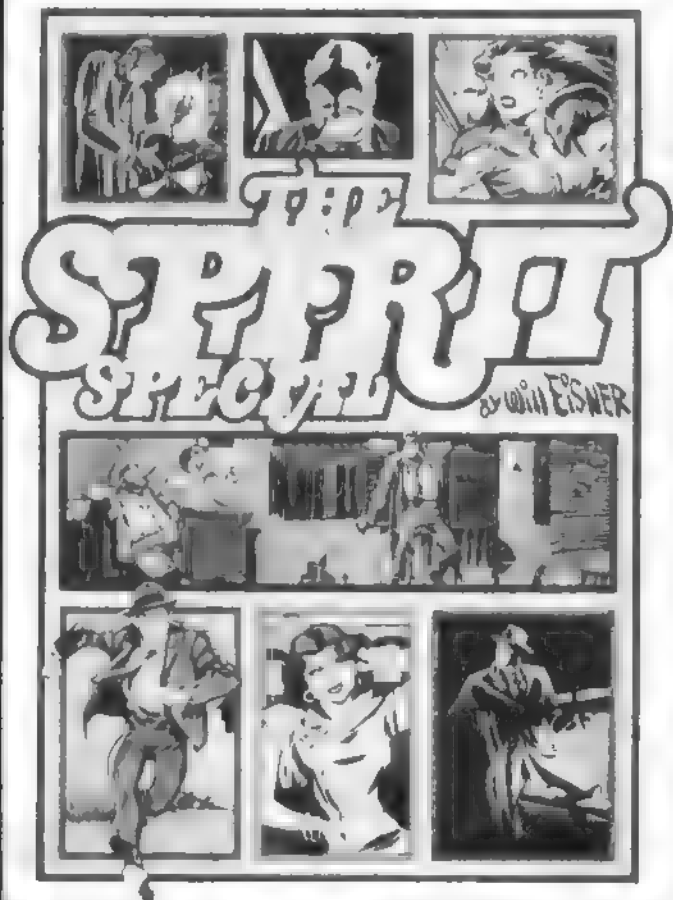
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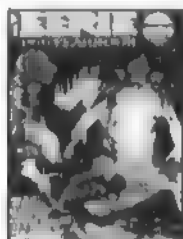
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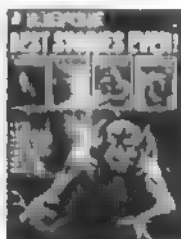
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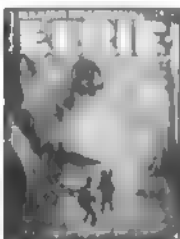
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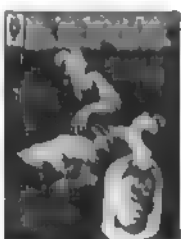
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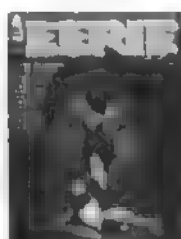
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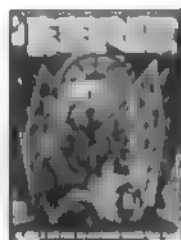
EERIE #33  
#1833/\$2.75



EERIE #34  
#1834 \$2.75



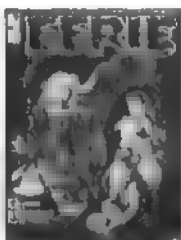
EERIE #42  
#1842 \$2.00



EERIE #43  
#1843 \$2.00



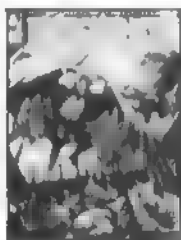
EERIE #44  
#1844/\$2.00



EERIE #45  
#1845 \$2.00



EERIE #46  
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EERIE #47  
#1847/\$2.00



EERIE #48  
#1848 \$2.00



EERIE #56  
#1856/\$1.75



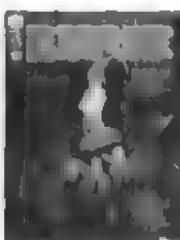
EERIE #57  
#1857/\$1.75



EERIE #58  
#1858/\$1.75



EERIE #59  
#1859 \$2.00



EERIE #60  
#1860 \$2.00



EERIE #61  
#1861 \$1.75



EERIE #62  
#1862 \$1.75



# BACK ISSUES!

MANY EERIE ISSUES WOULD BE WORTH HAVING FOR THE COVER ALONE! CHECK THE COVERS BELOW AND YOU WILL FIND MANY FRANK FRAZETTA MASTERPIECES. THE EGYPTIAN QUEEN ON THE COVER OF EERIE #23 IS ONE OF THE MOST MEMORABLE (AND DESIRABLE) WOMEN FRAZETTA HAS PAINTED. THERE IS THE JEFF JONES/VAUGHN BODE CASTLE IN THE CLOUDS COLLABORATION OF EERIE #27. THE RICH CORBEN BEAUTY AND BEAST OF #32. AND THE KEN KELLY EERIE #38 COVER IS NOTHING SHORT OF SPECTACULAR. AND THERE ARE MORE FRAZETTA, MORE BODE, MORE KELLY COVERS PLUS MANY GREATS BY OTHER FINE ARTISTS. CHECK THEM OUT. MANY EERIE MAGAZINES WOULD BE WORTH OWNING SIMPLY FOR A SINGLE TALE THAT APPEARS IN THAT ISSUE! "FOOTSTEPS OF FRANKENSTEIN" BY REED CRANDALL WAS A TERRIFYING TALE. "IT THAT LURKS," A DAN ADKINS MASTERPIECE. "DARK RIDER" BY JOHN SEVERIN WAS AN EXCELLENT WESTERN TALE. AND THERE ARE MANY, MANY MORE.



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#1807/\$4.00



EERIE #8  
#1808/\$4.00



EERIE #9  
#1809/\$4.00



EERIE #10  
#1810/\$4.00



EERIE #11  
#1811/\$4.00



EERIE #12  
#1812/\$3.75



EERIE #21  
#1821/\$2.25



EERIE #22  
#1822/\$2.25



EERIE #23  
#1823/\$2.25



EERIE #24  
#1824/\$3.00



EERIE #25  
#1825/\$3.00



EERIE #26  
#1826/\$3.00



EERIE #27  
#1827/\$3.00



EERIE #35  
#1835/\$2.75



EERIE #36  
#1836/\$2.75



EERIE #37  
#1837/\$2.75



EERIE #38  
#1838/\$2.25



EERIE #39  
#1839/\$2.25



EERIE #40  
#1840/\$2.25



EERIE #41  
#1841/\$2.25



EERIE #49  
#1849/\$1.75



EERIE #50  
#1850/\$1.75



EERIE #51  
#1851/\$1.75



EERIE #52  
#1852/\$1.75



EERIE #53  
#1853/\$1.75



EERIE #54  
#1854/\$1.75



EERIE #55  
#1855/\$1.75



EERIE #63  
#1863/\$2.00



EERIE #64  
#1864/\$1.50



EERIE #65  
#1865/\$1.50



EERIE #66  
#1866/\$1.50



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